

THE MONTH



Per menses singulos reddens fructum suum,
et folia ligni ad sanitatem gentium.
(*Apor.* xxii. 2.)

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JANUARY—JUNE
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TO VICEADMIRAL
ALGERNON
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THE MONTH

VOL. CLXVII

JANUARY, 1936

No. 859

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

World-prospects for 1936

THE New Year opens with the international atmosphere, at least in Europe, more intensely belligerent than at any other time since the Great War. In spite of the conviction that a new outbreak on the scale of the last would put an end to civilization, the interval has been spent by all nations in preparing for, or, let us say, against, a repetition of that catastrophe by the futile process of accumulating the means of war and elaborating its technique; instead of labouring incessantly to eliminate its causes. No one looking at the surface of things could help concluding that international peace is an empty dream and all that any country can hope for is to make itself so strong by armaments and alliances that it may be less liable to destruction than if it were undefended. This surely would be *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*—to sacrifice the whole object of life to the endeavour to keep alive. However, the believer in Providence need take no such pessimistic view. He knows that millions of people, through the Church's liturgy and otherwise, are constantly praying for protection against the scourge of war. He looks back to that stupendous plea for peace, sent up from Lourdes last year, a Triduum of Masses offered continuously for the three days ending on Low Sunday, and he *knows* that that unique flood of supplication has not been in vain, even though it does not seem to have had any immediate effect. The cause of peace, we may be sure, although we cannot see how, has been greatly advanced by that tremendous appeal to God's mercy, and if we were now to fail in continued prayer for "peace in our time," we should be false to the spirit of Christian optimism. The great Foch, when told that both his wings had been driven in, and that no supports were to be counted on, chose that particular moment to order an advance; and he won through. We may feel that the Christian cause of peace is failing right and left,

and that supports are lacking, but we do not see all the field, least of all those invisible allies who form our main strength. If, as St. Paul tells us, our wrestling is with the spirits of wickedness in high places—some of whom are apparently incarnate in Russia, Mexico and elsewhere—there are spirits of goodness more powerful on our side, and so we can pray without doubting as well as without ceasing.

A Test of Democracy

WE write in the midst of a political crisis, which, apart from its purely political aspects not to be considered here, gives welcome proof of the free working of our democratic constitution. A National Government, recently returned to power with a great majority, has been seriously shaken by the anger aroused, and voiced through the independent Press, by the consent of its Foreign Secretary to a "peace-proposal," which aimed at settling the Abyssinian dispute with Italy by a partial dismemberment of Abyssinia. It was a striking exhibition, not only of the belief of the nation in the necessity of supporting the collective system, but of its ability to make known its resentment, speedily and effectively, if its rulers even seem to go back on the purposes for the accomplishment of which they were put into power. In no other country in Europe, except perhaps in France, is there the same check upon the arbitrary use of Governmental authority—a reflection which may be commended to those who aim at making Government strong enough to override the will of the community, clearly and deliberately expressed. The same incident also revealed how ineffective, at present, are those millionaire Press-Lords who, in virtue of their wealth, aim at controlling the country's policy, for all their papers supported the Foreign Secretary, but could not keep him in place.

Abyssinia needs support and tutelage

THERE is no one who considers the condition of modern Abyssinia who does not realize what a boon, both to its subjects and to the civilized world at large, would be a strong and capable Government, able to maintain order throughout the whole country, to sweep away all abuses and to introduce some of the material amenities of modern life. However enlightened and earnest the present Emperor may be, it is ob-

vious that he is incapable unaided of effecting these necessary reforms, and his policy should have been, when his country was admitted into the League, to utilize to the utmost the means at its disposal to bring his Empire up to the full requirements of membership. Such a policy would, of course, have meant considerable foreign control of his Government and of the country's resources, but by becoming temporarily a ward of the League he would have been able to develop in peace, at proportionally little cost, whatever powers of self-government his people are capable of, and enormously advance their material welfare. However the neighbouring kingdom of Egypt may chafe at British suzerainty, her present prosperity and order and her ultimate complete independence will be due to the fact that Great Britain, largely in her own interests, has stood between her and all possible assailants. It is a pity that the three Powers most interested in Abyssinia, those whose imperialistic conquests in the past had completely surrounded her, did not concert together, when she was brought into the League fellowship, plans for reconditioning her, rather than plans for exploiting her commercially. Repentance may now have visited two of them, but it has come too late to prevent the present fratricidal strife.

War-fever and Sanctions

THE attempt to punish Germany for a crime which she did not admit has had nearly everything to do with her present unanimous resolve to remain outside the collective system. It was the main psychological blunder of the Versailles Treaty. Although economic sanctions are not essentially punitive, but simply in the case a refusal to co-operate in wrong-doing, yet, because Italians generally think the League decision mistaken, action in accord with it has had the similar effect of uniting them as never before in support of their leader and infecting them with what we may recall was our own complaint sixteen years ago—war-mentality. Yet if allowance be made for this initial divergence of view between Italy and the League, there need be no misunderstanding or even blame of her people's attitude. It is possible, so limited and imperfect and often unreliable are sources of information, to have conscientious convictions about the same issue which directly contradict one another. During the Great War, which the Allies regarded as mainly a fight against Prussianism, many

of our Spanish Catholic brethren, misled by skilful propaganda, were convinced that Austria and Germany were defending Christian ideals against Protestant England and infidel France and schismatic Russia. And in the course of it the German hierarchy—an event unparalleled in Church history—thought it necessary, in a dignified pastoral, to rebuke French Catholics for their anti-German views. Once the Press is muzzled in any country the thoughts and feelings of the people are at the mercy of those who control the means of information. Naturally enough, therefore, the resentment of the Italians against the League's interference, already strong, grew to fever-heat when that interference took the negative shape of stopping financial help and the supply of goods, especially of those of use for warfare. The consequent privations have, for the time, united the nation and prepared it to countenance counter-attacks. So much so that the League is faced with the dilemma that really effective sanctions, such as the withholding of oil, sanctions which would stop the war in Abyssinia, might easily cause it to break out in Europe. It was presumably the conviction that oil-sanctions would bring about immediately the destruction of British possessions in the Mediterranean before they could be adequately defended, which made the Cabinet endorse those extraordinary "peace-terms," the very suggestion of which seriously shook the Government. The action of the League remains a choice between two evils and the issue is very obscure.

How Peace might be secured

THOSE peace-proposals on the face of them resembled in the eyes of the League an attempt to persuade an aggressor to refrain from further violence by granting him whatever he had so far obtained, and promising him easy and peaceful access to the rest. The consequent evil of establishing a precedent of the sort is so obvious as to make us wonder how convinced supporters of collective security could, even under pressure of the threat alluded to, have ever contemplated it. How much more Christian would it have been, as we have suggested elsewhere in this issue, if France and England, instead of proposing to share out a territory which did not belong to them, had said to Italy—"You have been badly treated at and since Versailles: we acknowledge your need of colonial dependencies of the kind possessed by ourselves in

such abundance : we are ready to guarantee your security from Abyssinian encroachments and, moreover, to discuss with you in what manner and to what extent you may share with us our tropical dependencies and the burden of advancing their inhabitants in true civilization. This is a firm offer, and will probably give you more of the means of prosperity and at a vastly cheaper cost than you can hope to obtain from your Abyssinian adventure." Does the idea seem fantastic? Not if imperialism in this modern world, renounced already by the Mandates System, is, as it should be, discarded universally. Is it a bribe, just like the dead "Peace-Plan"? No, if it be looked on as a tardy acknowledgment of the injustice Italy suffered at Versailles, and a determination to give her at last the redress she had ceased to hope for from the League.

Prayer for the Reunion of Christendom

THE Church is One, but Christendom is divided; in other words, since the dawn of the first heresy, there have always been bodies of men, more or less numerous, who profess to be followers of Christ but have abandoned or refuse to enter His Church. If their love of Him is real and shown by their obedience, according to their lights, to His commandments, they are His "other sheep" whom He longs to bring out of the wilderness into the Fold, and all who are already there must, in their turn, share His longing and work for its fulfilment. No one should be more keen for the reunion of Christendom than the Catholic, who enjoys the inestimable privileges of life within the Fold and can infer how spiritually handicapped must those outside it be. It is, indeed, natural that those who personally feel the drawbacks of disunion should be more eager to end it; just as the anxiety of the lifeboat crew to save is surpassed by the anxiety of the ship-wrecked to be saved. But the missionary zeal of the Church, characteristic of all ages, and exercised upon the heretic and the schismatic as well as upon the non-Christian infidel, is a standing proof of her abiding sense of her duty. She prays always—in the words of the Litany—"We beseech Thee to deign to recall all wanderers to the unity of the Church and to bring all infidels to the light of the Gospel." It is no new thing although it may take new forms in different ages. But it is, or was till lately, a new thing on the part of the wanderer without : and the realization of the scandal of division

and the desire for removing it, amongst the descendants of those who left the Church in the twelfth and sixteenth centuries, is a comparatively modern phenomenon. Certain sections of non-Catholics, in the last generation and this, have been active in praying for it, and have adopted what they call a Church Unity Octave of Prayer for the Reunion of Christendom, occupying the Feasts of St. Peter's Chair at Rome (January 18th) and of St. Paul's Conversion (January 25th) and the days between them, the idea of which started in America, the chief source of recent œcumenical movements. The Episcopalian minister who began the devotion, the Rev. Lewis Wattson (now Father Paul James Francis, founder of the Society of the Atonement, a body affiliated to the Franciscans), gave striking proof of its efficacy by joining the Church with all his community a few years subsequently. Although he brought, so to speak, his Octave with him in 1909 and had it blessed and sanctioned by several Popes, it was also taken up by Catholic-minded Anglicans and is celebrated each year in this country by a growing number of Anglican congregations. It is also practised with episcopal approval in several of our Catholic dioceses.

Conversion the Object of the Octave

ALL this is to the good. It is well both that those who already possess genuine religious unity should pray that it should be given to those who have it not, and that these latter should join in asking God, through the intercession of SS. Peter and Paul, to grant the boon; but the devotion can be so advocated as to obscure the essential distinction between the two classes. For that reason, the late Cardinal Bourne would not sanction any formal union between the Anglicans and ourselves in this holy practice, since it might imply that we, too, denied, as all Protestants do, the present, actual, visible Unity of the Church. As a matter of fact, the object for which Catholics and non-Catholics respectively pray cannot be the same. The latter presumably ask for light to know how the deplorable divisions of Christendom may be brought to an end: that light, through God's mercy, is already ours, and our faith in the matter received authentic expression in 1928, in the great Encyclical on True Religious Unity ("Mortalium Animos"). The Church cannot be reconstructed on lines other than her Founder laid down, and

there is no way into the Fold but by the Door, the Keys of which He entrusted to Peter. We pray that the light which is ours may be given to others not so wonderfully favoured, and especially that our sins and shortcomings may not prevent them seeing it. We know that the sins and shortcomings of Catholics were a powerful contributory cause of revolt against the Church in the past, just as we are conscious that one main reason why the world to-day is not won to Catholicism is the failure of many Catholics to lead a Catholic life. We have abundant reason for begging God's mercy and deprecating His wrath through this Octave, as indeed all the year round, and so we should join in it with all possible earnestness.

Faith and Works

WHEN we think of the vast population of modern New York, which contains over a million Jews and perhaps less than a million *practical* Christians, we cannot but admire the truly Apostolic faith and energy which inspires the few zealous Catholics who are behind the *Catholic Worker* and its off-shoot, described in this issue as "The Campion Propaganda Committee." Their numbers, though growing, are in view of their aims almost laughable: their financial resources practically *nil*: yet, armed with the stone and sling of God's truth and God's grace, they advance undismayed against the Goliath of godless industrialism which denies humane conditions of living to its victims. It must require no little moral courage to face the indifference and contempt and hostility of the man in the street by trying to force on his attention and compel his purchase of, the little *Catholic Worker*, starkly uncompromising in its indictment of Big Business and in its assertion of Catholic social doctrine. It calls for much self-sacrifice to spend scanty leisure and meagre earnings in the service of "down-and-outs" with the view of showing that Christianity, when put into practice, provides a solace for their grievances and a support of their claims. These pioneers have not waited for any widespread recognition, even amongst Catholics, of the social healing to be found in the whole-hearted application of our principles, before venturing forth to illustrate them in action. They have realized that there must be a vital connexion between faith and works if the world is to be redeemed. Behind them, stimulated by

their zeal and contributing to their support, are other Catholics who cannot join them formally, but the enterprise, if it is really to leaven the mass of Catholic apathy and non-Catholic antagonism in the great cities of the States, must gather a multitude of active adherents. By a happy inspiration this work of Christian charity is closely linked up with the real foundation of all spiritual energy, the Sacrifice of Calvary, perpetuated in the Mass, and expressed in the Church's liturgy. Thus it secures what is the secret of all effective social endeavour, the union of the individual with the hidden work of the Redeemer.

The Grail and the Unemployed

ANOTHER inspiring example of genuine Catholic Action is discoverable nearer home. The early Christians of the Roman Empire "not many wise, not many powerful, not many well-born," yet "of one mind and one soul," thought it a privilege to send large sums of money to relieve the distress of their brethren in Jerusalem.¹ Similarly, the fate of large Catholic groups in the northern distressed areas has moved Catholics in the south of England to come to their aid with financial help, and with what is still more precious—practical sympathy and understanding. The charitable enterprise of the *Catholic Times* has kept readers aware of the desperate state of the Catholic unemployed in the iron-mining district of Cleator Moor, near Whitehaven, in Cumberland, and helped to collect money and clothing for their relief. Then the situation, brought to the notice of "The Grail," in London, seemed to that youthful and vigorous organization one excellent way of winning the world to Christ, and it sent a delegation to visit the stricken district—where a group of some two or three thousand Catholics had been unemployed for periods ranging from three to ten years. At once they opened occupational centres there to teach men and women various useful "cottage industries," with such effect that in about six weeks they were able to hold a triumphant exhibition of their products in London, at which the Archbishop presided. This fine exercise of constructive charity sets an example to our whole Catholic body, which should be able, if only organized,

¹ St. Paul commends the Macedonian Churches (II Cor. viii, 2) for having contributed "out of the depth of their own poverty" in this gracious work of ministry. The whole chapter and the next forms a beautiful homily on the nature and motives of this exercise of brotherly love.

to do even more than, for instance, the Society of Friends, few in number but strong in energy and resources, have for some time been doing for the unemployed. The Grail enterprise has brought hope to a whole community, victims of mal-organized industrialism, whose Catholic faith alone had kept them from despair. Extended and widely imitated as it might well be, it should hasten the advent of that marshalling of the Catholic forces, that much-desired Catholic federation, which the needs of the time so insistently demand.

The Fight for Morality

WHEN doctors seem to fear no discredit by advocating what Christians call murder, it is plain that the moral standard, outside the Catholic Church, has been grievously impaired amongst those who lack her guidance. Consider the portentous fact that, at the late annual meeting of the National Council of Women, a motion to legalize abortion in certain circumstances was shelved, although only for the time being, mainly through the efforts of Catholics. We recall that in the previous year the same N.C.W. adopted a motion in favour of contraception. They might, of course, have urged in excuse that the Lambeth Conference before them had approved the practice, a moral blunder the evil effects of which are bound to last, but in this latter case, presumably at any rate, they could not hope for episcopal support, since it involves the deliberate destruction of human life. It would seem that when lovely woman stoops to folly of this sort and begins to tamper with the laws of life, nothing avails to restrain her. She, of all people, should be most concerned with safeguarding the integrity of the family, yet she is often a foremost advocate of that artificial interference with conception which is the curse of the modern world. This moral blindness shows itself in many ways. Not long ago the Mayoress of a local borough wanted "something drastic" done in regard to a man who, having been eight years unemployed and "on the dole," had, nevertheless, begotten five children in that interval. She seemed to think that a person in that condition should have more regard for the pockets of the ratepayers. Although representing Labour, she implied that the poor had no right to have families unless by the permission of the local authorities—a topsy-turvy state of mind, which has lost sight of the real question at issue, viz., how long shall industrial

society be so organized that multitudes who belong to it cannot live normal human lives? The Mayoress thought it "a terrible thing" that married people should fulfil their obligations when in receipt of relief, whereas the terrible thing is that they should be exposed to blame or scorn by such as she for refusing to practise either heroic virtue or unnatural vice. The League of National Life, which held its annual meeting last October 23rd, and which unites Christians of all beliefs with Jews in support of "the honour and blessing of parenthood," deserves greater support from all decent and right-thinking people. Although condemned by reason, religion and common sense, the "eugenists" keep urging their deplorable cause by means of the strong agencies of sentiment and passion.

The "Right" to Kill

THE long list of supporters, which include eminent Protestant clergymen, of Lord Moynihan's proposed Bill to make lawful the murder of incurables, is drawn from those whose faith in the after-life has grown so faint that they consider the forced, though temporary, endurance of acute pain as something absolutely evil. Long ago that profound observer, Charles S. Devas, whose book, "The Key to the World's Progress," grows more "actual" every day, noted as characteristic of those to whom the Cross is indeed a mystery, a positive terror of physical pain; a dread which is natural enough since they have no knowledge of its meaning and purpose. The infidel mind speaks in a doctor's confession to a newspaper that he has "taken life on five occasions" without any remorse of conscience, but rather with a feeling that he has "done something of which I am proud." If humanity prompts us, so runs his triumphant argument, to put an injured dog out of its misery, why not human beings? Why not, indeed, if there is no essential difference between dogs and men? Mr. J. B. Haldane, in his recent controversy with Mr. Arnold Lunn ("Science and the Supernatural"), ends the book by professing himself baffled by the mystery of evil, of which what seems to be purposeless physical agony is but a part. "How could a perfectly good and almighty Creator have made a world containing so much evil?" The query is as old as Christianity—infidels are always asking it and Christians are always replying—but, as Mr. Haldane

sees, it merges into the root mystery of all—"how are divine omniscience and omnipotence to be reconciled with human free will?" If Mr. Haldane wants a reply which will entirely satisfy human reason, he is asking what God grants only to very few in this life. But God withholds this natural satisfaction just in order to leave room for divine faith, the knowledge of the fact independent of the method. The faithful are certain of God's perfection and certain, too, of the existence of evil, and thus know that the two are perfectly reconcilable although they do not *see* how. Those who reject faith must needs remain perplexed. We trust, however, that Mr. Haldane and all similarly sincere "agnostics" will come across Father D'Arcy's recent book, "The Pain of this World and the Providence of God," which has been written particularly for them.

Why Catholics interfere with non-Catholic morality

THE cause of morality suffered a double check in the late elections which sent to Parliament, as Member for Oxford University, Mr. A. P. Herbert, a determined advocate of easier divorce, and which at the same time deprived of his seat Dr. O'Donovan, lately the mainstay of the Christian defence of family morals in the House. If the only object of Mr. Herbert was to straighten out the anomalies of the present divorce legislation, so as more effectually to prevent or punish perjury and collusion, one might go with him a certain way. We can even appreciate the Voltairean wit of his gibe about "Holy Deadlock." But we fear that his goal is the widening of a legislative process which is incompatible with Christian morality, and which tends to weaken what is the basis of any stable society—the indissoluble union of man and wife. It is often asked—why should Catholics, who are free to practise their own moral code, show themselves so intolerant of the ethical standard of those who have rejected the Christian standard? That is like asking why should a man, immune from a certain deadly disease, concern himself about its spread amongst his neighbours? Or why should a Christian missionary try to wean benighted savages from their bestial practices, which, nevertheless, may accord with the savage code? Christian morality is not the arbitrary imposition of the tenets of a sect, nor even the result of centuries of Christian experience: it is based on the ten Commandments which themselves

are only the expression of laws innate in human nature from the beginning. In any case Catholics are not only members of the Church, but also members of the State, and, therefore, have the duty and the right to busy themselves with what they know makes for the State's welfare. The modern pagans are themselves proselytizers, and propagandists of their evil doctrines: why else the multitude of periodicals and societies devoted to spreading them? We claim the same right and with much better reason, for history shows clearly enough that their views are merely a return to the abominations from which the Christian ethic rescued the human race. The *Birth Control News* (December) publicly and naturally exults in the defeat of Dr. O'Donovan and the return of Mr. Herbert, and we cannot deny its twofold cause for rejoicing; but we are sure that the Doctor, at any rate, fully appreciates the compliment.

President Roosevelt and Catholics

WHILST the latest and worst of the Mexican tyrannies, none of which could endure but by favour of the U.S.A., is running its evil course, the President, although approached on different occasions by the American hierarchy and by that widespread Catholic organization, "The Knights of Columbus," with a full exposition of the unquestioned and continued atrocities against the primal liberties of man being practised by the Mexican Government, has refrained from saying a word—though very few would suffice—to warn the persecutors that they cannot continue to transgress as they are doing the elementary human rights for which the United States has always stood, without losing the friendship and support of the American Government. Nothing more was asked for or needed, not the movement of a ship or a regiment, no material intervention "in the domestic affairs of another nation": only a verbal denunciation of evil practices which any man of ordinary humanity should utter, but which, spoken with conviction by the Head of the great Republic, would suffice to shake Mexico's credit and give the tyrants pause. But Mr. Roosevelt, in spite of abundant precedent, and even in spite of his own undertaking, in spite of a motion for investigation, tabled in the Senate, into United States citizens' rights in Mexico, which would compel the persecutor to show his hand, remained and remains dumb. It is a strange and inglorious silence, almost amounting to condonation of grievous evils.

Epiphany

A CAROL-PLAY

[*Music and Bells and a confused trampling is heard far off,
coming nearer*]

SOLO Bells, bells, camels' bells,
 Hark! the silver music swells
 Filling all the listening night
 With a trembling of delight.

[*now words are heard without*]

CAMEL- (*How many miles to Babylon?—*
DRIVERS *Three score and ten.*)

KINGS Far and far and thrice so far
 We have followed fast the Star.
 Day and night the Star has shone
 (*How many miles to Babylon?*)
 We have followed, followed on.
 Far were we when first 'twas lit;
 Straight we rose and followed it.

 We are Kings and with us bring
 Presents to a greater King.
 Over deserts harsh and gray,
 Over rivers swift and deep,
 We have journeyed night and day
 At His Court our tryst to keep.
 We have followed, followed fast . . .
 Lo! the Star is stayed at last!

SOLO Listen! how the velvet night
 Trembles, trembles with delight!
 Hark! the silver music swells
 Bells,—bells,—camels' bells.—

[*the music dies away—and the trampling*]

[*The Star is stayed over the stable—and the Kings enter,
bending their heads, and find Mary and the Infant Jesus
covered in her lap*]

KINGS We are Kings and with us bring
Presents to a greater King;
Tell us, maiden, where to find
Him, the Lord of all mankind.

MARY [*uncovering the face of the Infant Jesus*]
Gentles, bend your heads and see,
This is Jesus,—this is He! . . .

As at Nazareth I prayed
God's bright Angel came to me.
I at first was sore dismayed,
I am but a simple maid,
But the Angel bent his knee,
Bade me 'be thou not afraid.'
Told me what God willed should be.

Though my soul with dread was torn
I accepted. He is born.

KINGS Happy, happy, happy morn!
She accepted. He is born!
Though his voice we never heard
We accept the Angel's word.
We the Babe upon your breast
Hail, the Lord of lords confessed.
We accept Him. We adore Him.
Lo! we bend our knees before Him.
We accept Him as our King;
Take the offerings we bring!

GASPAR First let each his homage pay
In the right, ordained way.

[*Then they each kneel in turn and, Our Lady helping them,
each places his right hand between the Child's little palms,
saying:—*]

Between His baby palms I place
This my hand, and beg His grace.

[*then, standing together and bowing, they say or sing:—*]

KINGS We His vassals, He our King . . .
Take the presents that we bring!

[*then, one after the other they present their offerings, thus :—*]

GASPAR GOLD, in sign of tribute meet,
See, I lay before His feet.

MELCHIOR FRANKINCENSE, aspiring, dim,
As prayers that men's hearts overbrim,
Rising to God,—I offer Him.

BALTHASAR MYRRH I bring. I offer myrrh.
Bitterness for Him—and her.

TOGETHER These the gifts the Spirit told
We should carry with us thence
Myrrh and Frankincense and Gold;
Gold and Myrrh and Frankincense;
Frankincense and Gold and Myrrh;—
These we give to Him—through her.

MARY Sires, I thank you. You are Kings.
Gold and myrrh and incense dim
You have brought and offered Him. . .
He accepts your offerings.

[*She holds the Child and touches each gift with his little hand*]

The Spirit gave you from above
Strong Faith and Hope. . .
You have found Love.

[*They bow and turn and go out and presently the sound of bells and singing and trampling begins again and lessens and dies away.*]

WILLIAM BLISS.

NOTE.—For acting-purposes the Camel Drivers' "How many miles to Babylon" refrain should be continually heard "off," while they are coming and going away.

TO RESTORE ENGLAND TO CHRIST

SOME time ago we were asked to read a paper to the London Thomas More Society on this topic—"Can England Remain Christian?" This implied not only that England had been Christian, but also is so still. It also implied that it might have some difficulty in remaining so; because you do not say: "Can I keep up my second motor-car, or my country-house?" without implying some doubt as to your ability to do so. The discussion after that paper, however, was such that I felt justified in offering, as title for another paper destined to be read to the "Messengers of the Faith" and the non-Catholics whom they periodically collect in the Mount Street Hall,¹ "Can England Become Christian?" This meant that whether or no England ever had been Christian, it was not Christian now.

Obviously you have to ask at the outset what you mean by "England," and what you mean by "Christian," and even, as we hope to indicate, what you mean by "become."

By England I do not mean official England, by which, indeed, I do mean either England in the imperialist sense, or England at least in the public, technical, Governmental sense. In the imperialist sense Britain is not, does not profess to be, and cannot profess to be, Christian more than Mohammedan or Buddhist. No Cross could be put upon the Cenotaph in Whitehall. The Y.M.C.A. in Jerusalem has built an enormous palace, triply divided among Christians, Jews and Mohammedans. No doubt the middle block of buildings has a Christian "text" above it: but in the mass, the edifice is equally divided among the Three Religions.

Nationally, is it rash to say that "England" is theist rather than Christian? No one who has ever heard His Majesty's speeches can doubt his sincere belief in God. During the Silver Jubilee celebrations, the King went out of his way to emphasize, again and again, his genuine recognition of, and gratitude for, the Divine protection. The matter reached the level of the edifying and of the moving. But I cannot remember that His Majesty mentioned the Name of Christ. However, by "England," let us agree without more ado that

¹The "Messengers of the Faith" form a community on modern lines. Their life is "religious," but their dress and part of their way of living is secular; and their main work is the instruction of women in the Catholic Faith.

we do not mean official England. The King is at least Theist, and acknowledges God openly. He may be much more; but, as King, he does not allow it to appear. His Government shows no symptoms whatsoever of being even that much, nor have any of the successive Governments at whose hands we have suffered under identical distresses. By "England," therefore, I must mean the mass of men who live within our frontiers, and (more or less) obey our laws. Are they Christians?

But, then, what do I mean by "Christian"? In this paper, I mean men who *at least* are swayed, even now and again, by the specific memory of Christ. "I think so and so, because Christ taught it: I do so and so, because Christ ordered it. I am, in short, what I am, *in some sense* because I *choose* to be it, Christ having been what He was. I am consciously, and deliberately, the sort of man that I am among my fellows *because of Christ*." This certainly is a minimum content of the idea, and it cannot be accused of "sectarianism" or unfair limitation.

What, in this matter, has been the "graph," so to say, traced by English religious history? Once upon a time, this island was in no sense Christian. No missionary had uttered within it the name of Christ. Then missionaries came, and in various degrees the people were "Christianized." That is, Christ became the source of their ultimate verdicts upon life. Further, they were embedded in, became part of, a vast complex unity called Christendom. This was so strong and definite as to be able to set itself over against Mohammedanism, and the vague circumambient "paganism." The name "Christ" was the soul of that unity; men were what they were because of Christ, and Christ was explicitly responsible for their relations with one another. It is easy to see that Christendom to-day stands for no concrete reality. Even the word "Europe" means less and less to us: England is in special relations with parts of the globe because of the "Empire": relations of peace and international justice are sought by means of a "League of Nations," but not even into that do the name and religion of Christ enter officially and explicitly. Even to be fellow-Whites does not go far to unify Englishman, South African, Irishman or the man from the Middle West. The "Church" exists, of course; but that is in essence supranational, and certainly England or the mass of Englishmen do not conceive of themselves being what they are because they are "Christian."

How did that change come? Briefly thus.

As the Middle Ages grew old, the sense of nationality increased and created nationalisms, by which I mean that nations felt themselves to be entities, not in virtue of being incorporated into something larger still, but precisely because they were different from all other groups of men: and, indeed, you are apt to feel your self-hood more by way of opposition than of co-operation. Moreover, though the religious revolutions did not originate this "separatism," they accelerated and consolidated it enormously. For nations just then could not conceive of themselves save in terms of kings, nor had the kings the slightest intention of allowing them to do so. Hence, when a king "went Protestant," his subjects had to do so too, and the most cynical of all formulas was devised—"cuius regio eius religio"—Faith depends on Frontiers. Christendom was brutally broken up, and the question was—what other form of unity, if any, could replace it? As a matter of fact, no one envisaged that problem seriously; the Protestants did not, because they did not want a united Christendom: the Catholics, largely because there was, I cannot but think, at the back of their minds the conviction that this break-up of historic culture could not possibly endure.

To return now to England in particular. There, perhaps naturally, the process of spiritual subdivision went faster than elsewhere. We are sentimentalists and individualists. Hence, once people substituted the Bible as sole rule of faith and conduct, instead of the hierarchic Catholic authority, a Bible, moreover, to be interpreted by the individual conscience under direct inspiration, there was not the least chance of the nation as a whole giving unanimous doctrinal allegiance to the new allegedly-national Church, constructed out of hand by the monarch, or, more truly, by the statesmen who decided policy, members of those powerful newly-enriched families that continued to rule the country, from Henry's time onwards, almost without a break, till the time of our great-grandfathers or later. The one thing that held the English spiritually together was an inoculation of hate for the Roman Church, combined with a growing contempt for "foreign" countries. The English never do anything in particular till their imagination is moved: not all the rackings, or even fines, in the world could have done so much to destroy the ancient Faith as did the infection of our imagination by lurid pictures of the "Scarlet Woman," or "Giant Pope" gnawing his now futile nails.

The ruling class, therefore, badly overshot its purpose of supplanting the authority of the Universal by that of a National Church, because, being less and less well-educated, it was quite content to possess the power, possessing as it did the money, and did not and perhaps could not, worry about the thoughts and feelings of its underlings.

A variety of new intellectual currents was also forming itself in the English mentality. One was that of aristocratic free-thought, deism, or theism, proper to those who despised the noisier religious manifestations of the people, Christian in colouring. Another very important one, too little noticed, perhaps, by us, resulted from the industrial revolution which gradually transferred wealth from the traditional landed few, to the commercial class—still a minority of the population, but a much larger one. Now the bulk of these *nouveaux riches* belonged to Nonconformity, traditionally hostile to the Establishment. You might say that Birmingham, for example, developed simply into a very rich Nonconformist city. True, it was customary among the prosperous to change religions when they changed their street, and to go to church instead of to chapel, in order to do what the gentry did. Yet there was a sturdier brood which remained, and still remains, animated by the fiercest jealousy of the gentry and all their ways; odd as this may seem in our days when duchesses keep hat-shops and every garage is full of Younger Sons earning their living, albeit dirtying their hands. I doubt if you can exaggerate the chill bitter hatred felt, especially in country parts, by the "lower middle-class" (as they used to say) for the "upper class," with which the Established Church had become identified. Hence, an obstinate determination among the ever more powerful Dissenting middle-class to achieve Dis-establishment so soon as possible, and meanwhile, in every way to clip clerical claws; which explains their suicidal endeavours to secularize public education. I return to this below. I honestly think that if you studied the back of the mind of most of our suavest politicians to-day, you would find there a genuine desire—an unconscious one, maybe—to be rid of ecclesiastical influence and anything "dogmatic" whatsoever. And this ambition to have an Absolute State and to be rid of the Church for semi-philosophic reasons, is still infused by hereditary social hatreds.

Another current of de-Christianization had been largely though not entirely due to Puritanism, which found in the

Old Testament far more support for its harsh one-sided philosophy of life than in the New. In what class of society do you, or did you, come across "first names"—you cannot call them "Christian," respectable though they be—like Obadiah, Ebenezer, Miriam; or young ladies wearing brooches inscribed "Mizpah"? In the class that I have described as originally "outsiders," depressed, and then, owing to rapid financial success, insurgent, and resolved in turn on domination. Finally, I may mention the tendency, born of pseudo-science, of the last hundred years to turn life into something automatic and possessed of only relative truth—even in regard to fundamentals—the application of crude "evolution" to the supernatural as well as to the natural, so that nothing is absolutely and always true.

This need not be set forth in detail. Enough to say that when the mass of the people first heard of Darwinism, they believed it to have proved that monkeys turned somehow into men. Hence by immediate inference, the story in *Genesis* was untrue; and so if the very first chapter of the Bible was a lie, or (more tactfully) a myth, no one really knew whether God created man at all; whether, in consequence, there *was* a God, let alone a soul; and if, perhaps, no soul, then, no immortality, and in particular no fiery hell; nor yet a heaven which anyhow had become identified with white robes, wings, and the playing of harps. But, for the Englishman, once his imaginative, pictorial assets (such as those were) are destroyed, he has no clear ideas left, and, obviously, no one to teach him, once the Bible has lost its credit as the Word of God.

Gone, indeed, is that credit, if only because by the same illogicality the hypothesis of biological evolution, assumed to have been demonstrated, has been applied to everything else—history, psychology, and religion itself—and its falsity has not yet reached the masses. They do not know that facts have so steadily rebutted this extension of the evolutionary hypothesis that there is to-day, amongst scientific men, instead of the confident statements of fifty years ago about the "Ascertained Laws of Human Evolution" and so forth, a general scepticism regarding the likelihood of finding one key to all the riddles of the Universe. The multitude has lost its religious faith, and the upshot of all this, as regards the convictions on which conduct is based, is at best the idea that something may be true-er than something else, or true-er for

me, or true-er in this generation than it used to be. This obviously cuts at the root of any religion that claims, as Christianity does, to be absolute, universal and final. That means, that Christ Himself holds no unique and everlasting position.

Add to this the incalculable effect on innumerable elementary school-children of secularized education over a generation and a half, and of undogmatic education over a much longer period, one result of which is that the great majority of our poorer classes have no idea whatsoever about who Christ was, what He did or why. The New Testament names connote nothing to them whatsoever. Again and again I have found young men who have no notion what a crucifix is. The positive attack of Communism upon the Christian creed as such is almost waste of powder and shot, because, save for a vague and rather pathetic reverence for the Name of Christ, the mass of the people are sufficiently uninterested in it, and are sufficiently ignorant of it, not to need any such attack. What is usefully attacked, from the Communist point of view, is "ecclesiasticism." What the "disinherited" masses do see, and feel a reaction against, is the clergyman, his vicarage, and his begging-powers. Remember that a vicarage—or presbytery for that matter—which to you or me might seem squalid, to *them* seems luxurious—each priest in it has a room to himself and possibly two! Remember, too, that the peculiar enchantment of the church as such, the only place of old where light, colour, music, fragrance, could be readily experienced, is finished with: the meanest cinema can provide all that in a higher degree and more plentifully. Let us, then, agree at once that the church, the parish organizations, services, cannot possibly compete with worldly rivals on their own ground. If Christianity, that is, Christians, are to make any headway at all, it must be by offering themselves as something quite different and better in a different way. "Attractions" like concerts, treats and so forth, cannot compete with what Governments and borough councils offer, and what Communism promises.

Should Christians, then, in their apostolate for Christ, wholly neglect this-world considerations? I do not mean that in the very least. They should, indeed—but I fear they do not—take the initiative in what concerns housing, employment, wages, drains, recreation and general culture. They have the highest model and inspiration. They have only to ask themselves what would *Christ* think of the degrading and

deplorable conditions of living implied in bad housing, sweating, overcrowding, dirt and disease of the slums and, in consequence, to be much keener to reform them than are others who have no such Christian principles, motives, or ideals. It is part of Christian doctrine that Man is body-soul, a unit; and that Christ came to save *man*, not merely souls at the expense of the body, or even society. We think much, and rightly, about personal sin—would that we thought more: but little, about social sin; something about charity, but very little about justice. We are mildly interested about spiritual things: Communists are passionately concerned about material things. Hence, they have an easy line of attack. They can, and do most plausibly, say that "religionists," believers in God and heaven, talk a lot about "another world" that no one has ever seen; and so by harping on this invisible and unproven "after life" they divert you from what you *can* be sure about—*this* world, in which most men are miserable. Therefore, get rid of your religion, or at any rate, pay no heed to those who professionally preach it.

From what I have said, you will see that to the question whether Christ, on the whole, controls England, or even, whether England is part and parcel of a Christian complex, I have to answer No. This obviously does not imply that I forget, or do not know of, the existence of hundreds of people, of this or that "denomination," who really do try to model their behaviour on what they think Our Lord would like. Nor even, of many who, quite unconsciously, are steering their lives according to precepts that originated in the Gospels and are mysteriously surviving and operative in their conscience. But if you look at any large crowd, and ask yourselves whether the majority, in any part of their day, are habitually or consciously doing what they do, because of Christ—you would certainly have to agree that they are not.

The question then arises: Can they be helped to do so?

There are certain rather mechanical methods that might prove useful. The first would be, an attempt to reinvigorate the feeble but excellent sentiments, intuitions, aspirations and so forth, of our English people—vague beliefs, that is, in God, soul, right and wrong—by a strong intellectual stiffening-up. A national intellectual mission on Fundamentals! My reason for thinking this is twofold. First, superstructures are not much use when the foundations are flimsy. Most Englishmen think that there is no solid *reason* for so much

as believing in God, but that only a "religious sentiment" urges you to do so. Nor have they ever thought out the idea of God; still less, of the immortal soul. They say: "I could not bear never to see my dear ones again": or: "Surely all the noble things we feel and aspire to cannot come to nothing?" But that is sentiment; and they very naturally are left cold by the suggestion that their sense of beauty, honour and what not, will (*will they?*) make life more beautiful, honourable and so forth, for somebody else's grandchildren. Secondly, I am sure that there ought to be a crusade throughout the land on behalf of the sheer knowledge of the Life of Christ, especially in the schools. Within Catholic schools we can do fairly well as we like. It would be appalling if any Catholic children should leave school with next to no knowledge of Our Lord and His Life as *lived*.

I am also sure that every Catholic, indeed, every man of good will, should be equipped at the very first possible moment with something Christian to *do*, even, or especially, if it involves some self-sacrifice. There is no use at all in trying to make the Christian religion—the Mystery of the Cross—humanwise palatable. This means a great intensification in the teaching of what are called the "virtues"; be they natural (like truthfulness or self-control) or supernatural, like self-regardlessness for Christ's sake; self-forgetfulness amounting to complete self-sacrifice. Christians—the reproach is world-wide and age-long—are the greatest hindrance to any coming of Christ's Kingdom; as, of course, they are the greatest help. Alleged Christians, in the mass, are morally indistinguishable from others, and often, taken one by one, below the spiritual level of unbelievers. Is it your experience that the most pious are always the most charitable? the very devout, the most apt to renounce the thousand and one claims of "Society"? It isn't mine. In simpler-minded days, Christians began to say: "It is hopeless for me to try to live properly in 'society'; let me get out of it." They then became hermits. Very soon—almost at once—they thought of something better still—to create a Christian society. Allowing that they could not do so in the world at large, too irremediably corrupt, they made monasteries, and lived in Christian Communities. Now the Holy Father's constantly reiterated *commandment* is, that we are to Christianize society itself and on the grand scale. This is the essential idea in "Catholic Action." But that cannot be done all at once and

by all. Hence, the rapid development of a new sort of "Religious Order" for women.

Nuns, once upon a time, lived enclosed each in her home like early Christian virgins and widows; then they left those homes, but still lived on the whole behind grilles. St. Vincent de Paul pulled them out into the open, not even thinking that he was making, strictly speaking, a new sort of nun; but he was. To-day we see them able, with high Papal sanction, to retain their ordinary dress and many of the amenities of ordinary life, and yet to lead not only that "dedicated" life which sincere love of Christ would suggest, but actually a life under vow, in hotel or office, school-room or shop. Almost weekly I receive letters from men wishing to do the same sort of thing. It is not my business to go into details about the seventy or so new Religious post-War Congregations that have been produced by the ever-prolific Church, all gravitating towards the kind of life I have suggested.¹

It remains that I hold that there are not any longer, and may decreasingly be, *any* Christian countries; after all, people are not meant to be Christianized in terms of nations. But people are always Christianizable and are meant to be Christianized by Christians. Let us not leave our own 100 per cent Christianization to be accomplished in Purgatory: let not our compatriots have to wait till then for their full Christianization. Our Anglican readers may be thinking much about the Pope, "corporate reunion," valid Orders and what not. Let them be sure that if they sanctify themselves, these matters will themselves be solved. We can all go far further in the line of renunciation for Christ's sake than we have gone or are going, and the power of Christ will work in and through us, with results to our own nation that He can foresee although we cannot.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

¹ In *THE MONTH* for August, 1932, I have given an all too brief account of some of the more remarkable. The foundress of the "Messengers of the Faith," has lately investigated their growth on the Continent, and is, I believe, ready to lecture on her experiences.

THE LEAVEN AT WORK

THE START OF THE C.P.C. OF AMERICA

AT the beginning of last May the *Catholic Worker*¹ of New York opened the third year of its lay apostolate among working people by launching another activity, carried on by and for young people, and placed it, with the title of "The Champion Propaganda Committee," under the patronage of that heroic "propagandist" in Elizabethan England, Blessed Edmund Campion, S.J. The group was formed to co-ordinate the activities of a number of young volunteers who, since the founding of the paper, had been lending all manner of assistance to its work, from selling copies to painting the office. In close imitation of the zealous Campion, the Committee set to work mimeographing pamphlets and handbills, all of a fearless Catholic character, and distributing them publicly, especially in the vicinity of radical rallies. The early appearance of a (more or less) weekly bulletin of this character, the *Champion Propaganda Committee* or C.P.C., plus notices in the *Catholic Worker*, brought new recruits with each issue. The main group, centred in New York City, numbers sixty; about half that number comprise the Boston, Massachusetts group, and there are several smaller units scattered about the United States, not yet as well organized as the two large ones. The organization, full of vitality, is yet in its "mustard-seed" stage.

An important task of the Committee is spreading the *Catholic Worker*, by selling it outside churches, on busy street corners, and in the vicinity of plants in the process of union organization, or on strike. Another activity of deeper significance is that of carrying on a liturgical movement, by and for people earning their daily bread in the world, people who are neither scholars nor dilettantes—the humble rank and file of the Church Militant. The liturgy has been introduced gradually to the Champions, beginning with the simple recitation of Compline after every meeting, and proceeding to Compline chanted in Gregorian style.

The bulletin of the Committee, now a bi-monthly, is in its

¹ For an account of the start of this enterprise and its developments, see an article by the present writer, *THE MONTH*, October, 1934, p. 344 sqq.

twentieth issue, with a circulation close to a thousand. As an introductory pamphlet describes it, the group is regarded as "the right arm of the *Catholic Worker*—a group of non-talking workers for Catholic Action, primarily a youth movement, to bring the social teachings of the Church to the man on the street, and to make those teachings manifest. Campion work is seven-day-a-week-work, with the liturgical movement as its basis and the Mass as its heart." Daily Mass and the recitation of Compline are the obligations of Campions, assumed individually, without any pledge.

That the Campions might be able to carry the social teachings of the Church to the man on the street, the editors of the *Catholic Worker* arranged week-end conferences at the Staten Island house, on the little plot known as the "garden-farm commune." On these week-ends Prime, Vespers and Compline are part of the schedule. Very soon it is hoped to introduce the dialogue Mass in the country church where the Campions worship on week-ends. The conferences consist of eight lectures, with discussion periods, running from Friday evening to Sunday evening. The first was conducted by Father Gerald Ellard, S.J., author of "Christian Life and Worship," and had for its subject the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ. The second was given by Dr. Paul Hanley Furfey, head of the department of Sociology, Catholic University, and treated of the Catholic teachings on war, the history of the Church as peacemaker, and the effects of modern war upon society. Another conference had Campion members themselves as lecturers, expounding the Catholic teachings on human rights; the last conference was dedicated to a study of the liturgy for the laity.

In celebration of the Feast of Christ the King a liturgical week-end was arranged, beginning with Vespers of the Feast on Saturday and Compline that same evening. The first of a series of lectures on the social implications of the doctrine of Christ was given on Saturday evening. Prime began the Feast Day, preceding a dialogue Mass in the parish church and corporate Holy Communion, with world peace as the intention of the group. A Communion breakfast was served at the House of Hospitality, Terce recited, and at 11 o'clock the Campions returned to church to assist in the celebration of a solemn High Mass, with their own choir chanting the whole in Gregorian. Through the day the hours of the Office were recited between lectures. Thus, excepting Matins and Lauds, which had to be omitted for lack of time for preparation,

the complete liturgy of the Feast was celebrated. Similar liturgical days are planned for other great feasts throughout the year.

In preparation for the conferences, and as enlargement upon them, appropriate supplementary reading is assigned to the group. In addition, three members deliver lectures on special phases of the matter covered, at the regular meeting following the conference for the benefit of those who could not attend. Other week-ends have been devoted to studying methods of organization and propaganda, with choir practice a regular feature of each. The success of the conferences and the zeal of the Champions may be judged from the large registration for each week-end, although the late-comers, for lack of beds, often have to curl up on the floor, which, they are assured, is of soft wood; the best rooms and beds are, of course, allotted to the young women, the stronger sex taking what remains. The schedule of the week-end is arranged to allow time for recreation for all, as well as a common share in household duties, thus providing a Christian community life which not only sets a precedent for similar attempts in the future, but also inspires concern for the common good. It enkindles that special zeal which flows from the practice of what is preached.

With the benefit of these conferences, plus private study, the Committee is gradually building up a corps of able and willing expounders of Christian social doctrine for the lay apostolate, a group of scholars as well as workers; besides the voluntary work done in and out of the office, most of the Champions work for a living, contributing to the support of families, and in some cases, carrying on night studies in preparation for careers. Seminarians on summer vacation have been active in several of the groups.

The New York section carries on the greater part of the work, trying out new methods, and setting the example for its co-workers throughout the country. Champion activity in New York attracted so much attention through the *Catholic Worker*, and, on the occasion of its picketing of the German Consulate in protest against the Kulturkampf, through the secular Press, that many young people have journeyed from the Middle West, the north and the south to attend a conference, or to spend some time at the *Catholic Worker* office.

The Boston group, second in size and activity, has its headquarters in the garment-trade district, not far from historic Boston Common, the scene of endless, but always well man-

nered, public disputation, in the best tradition of that proper city. The organization of a group in Washington, D.C., has been begun, and the progress of this group will be watched with great interest in regard to the racial question, for the Capitol is below the "Mason-Dixon line," and Campions recognize no such boundaries.

Since the launching of the movement inquiries have come in large numbers from Study Club members who have grown weary of studying and are aching for activity. For any such attracted to the Campions, and for other new members, special classes in Christian social doctrine have been started, with lecturers drawn from the faculties of local Catholic colleges. Courses in beginner's logic have been planned for those without the benefit of Catholic higher studies. Another project not yet complete is the establishment of a student hostel near the *Catholic Worker* office, where out of town pre-Campions may stay while they are attending classes at the Campion school. The hostel will be operated on a co-operative system, the visitors helping to defray expenses by selling the *Catholic Worker* on the street.

By combining study and action with sacrifice and prayer, the Campions have sought to balance their programme, in accordance with the words of the Holy Father. The prayer has been described; the action embraces selling the *Catholic Worker* on Sundays, from early Mass to late, collecting clothing and helping at the office; the sacrifice is not only in time, for each Campion is expected to give at least three hours weekly to voluntary activity, but also in pocketing worldly pride and meeting patiently the objections of Marxists and bourgeois Catholics, and it is debatable which is the more unpleasant to face. The very act of selling papers on the street is one of self-discipline, and as such, is valued by the veteran members of the group; it is a necessary but not always an agreeable task.

Those with free time during the summer months spent much of it acting as counsellors to the poor children vacationing at the Staten Island house, or assisted at the Casita Maria, a settlement house in the Porto Rican section of Harlem. The young women in the group helped in the founding of a maternity guild in the neighbourhood of the office, while several of the young men have lately been busy preparing for occupancy a three-storey tenement adjoining the office, which will be used as a House of Hospitality for men—St. Joseph's Inn.

To help to clarify the inter-racial situation—always a burn-

ing question, yet hitherto largely shirked—Campions have been interviewing the heads of colleges and preparatory schools in the New York diocese, to learn if negro students will be welcomed without discriminatory conditions. This survey will be of increasing value since the problem of higher education for the Catholic negro will soon become acute—for some time coloured children have been attending diocesan high schools, with the few who could afford higher education going into secular colleges.

Among themselves, in the many and lengthy informal discussions so beloved of young people, the older and better informed members succeed in spreading enlightenment in its most palatable form; apostles not only to the man on the street, but to themselves, they have given able assistance to many living in the world who seek more than the world can ever offer them. To most of them, who look beyond the tangible effects their propaganda may come to have on working people, Campion activity is regarded as a form of personal sanctification in the world, an aid to spiritual growth peculiarly suited to those who must toil daily in the grim atmosphere of greedy materialism. By thus attending to both the spiritual and corporal wants of men, the Campions are moving towards that nice balance of life in the world, which has not been commonly seen since the best days of the Medieval Guilds.

NORMAN MCKENNA.

Moonlight after Snowfall

IT is the time of darkness and of dreams,
Not dark but deathlike here, nor stir nor sigh;
Gaunt boughs stretch motionless athwart the sky;
O'er shrouded field and hedge the wan moon gleams;
Where runnels leapt and laughed, fast frozen streams
Pause stark and silent; hard the meadows lie
And crunch beneath the tread; the owl's far cry,
Sole note of life, how deathlike that too seems!

Yet nature lives within the wintry land,
Preparing leaf and song and summer's rose,
And resteth Earth in the Sustainer's hand—
The skies above His larger reign disclose—
And thoughts by day repressed their range expand
As on the soul the shining stillness grows.

P. J. HUGHESDON.

MONKEYING WITH MONEY

WALL STREET AND MR. PECORA

THE Report of the Macmillan Committee on Finance and Industry, described by Sir Josiah Stamp as "the best up-to-date textbook on economy yet published," has had its counterpart in an American document of which few copies can have reached this country. Its official title, *Senate Report No. 1455: Stock Exchange Practices: Report of the Committee on Banking and Currency*, is less revealing than its description in everyday speech as the "Report of the Pecora Investigation." The name of Mr. Ferdinand Pecora should recall the sensational items that filtered through to London during 1933 and 1934, describing the cross-examination of world-famous bankers, sometimes in a circus atmosphere of "ballyhoo," as, for example, when a dwarf ran into the room and sat on Mr. J. P. Morgan's knee! This was one of the many attempts made to discredit the whole inquiry. Fortunately they were unsuccessful. The Report is a masterly analysis of the verbatim proceedings—the full printed record occupies 12,000 pages—and, while no attempt is made to cover the general field of monetary theory after the fashion of the Macmillan Report, we have instead a detailed account of the mechanics of finance, including the customs of the Stock Exchange, the activities of national and international bankers, the subterfuges adopted in order to avoid payment of income tax, and observations upon the concentration of the control of wealth through investment trusts and holding companies.

The inquiry, at first confined to the Stock Exchange, began under President Hoover in 1932, to satisfy popular protests after the collapse of the speculative boom in stocks and shares. Mr. Pecora succeeded two previous examining counsel a month before President Roosevelt took office. Nevertheless, Mr. Pecora, "the swarthy Sicilian who looked like Hannibal and talked like Cicero,"¹ was of the temper of the New Deal, and as the depression came to a climax with a wholesale collapse of the banking structure, it was immediately decided to extend the scope of the Committee's terms of reference. "The

¹ Harold J. T. Horan in "American Finance and Industry," supplement to the *Financial News*, October 14, 1935.

sub-committee [of the Senate Committee] has endeavoured," says the Report, "to investigate thoroughly and impartially some of the complex and manifold ramifications of the business of issuing, offering, and selling securities and the business of banking and extending credit. It has endeavoured to expose banking operations and practices deemed detrimental to the public welfare; to reveal unsavoury and unethical methods employed in the flotation and sale of securities; and to disclose devices whereby income tax liability is avoided or evaded. Its purpose throughout has been to lay the foundation for remedial legislation in the fields explored and in some measure that purpose has already been achieved. During the progress of this investigation, Congress enacted the Banking Act of 1933, the Securities Act of 1933, the Securities Exchange Act of 1934, and several amendments to the revenue act calculated to eliminate methods of tax avoidance described before the sub-committee."¹

It is impossible to cover in one article all the aspects of the Pecora Investigation, though it is tempting to quote some of the Report's trenchant remarks on the methods of international banking houses. We may notice one, because it concerns the more limited subject of the Stock Exchanges which is dealt with in the first chapter of the Report. Revelations of the following kind appear on nearly every page: "J. P. Morgan & Co. received 1,514,200 option warrants on limited Corporation stock for which they paid \$1 each. Within 60 days thereafter, J. P. Morgan & Co. was in a position to sell these warrants in the market at a minimum price of \$40 for a total profit of over \$68,000,000. It is beyond belief that any form of service an investment banker can render, entitles him to so stupendous a profit." Equally interesting are the betrayals of character or philosophy that appear in the many passages cited from the verbatim report. The cross-examination was deadly, and patient, based upon the victims' own documents, but there was more than one illustrative touch of humour. Thus, Mr. Albert H. Wiggin, of Chase Securities Corporation, was being questioned on the activities of a syndicate that had been buying and selling certain groups of shares, when the following discussion took place:

Mr. Pecora. Well, according to your answer to

¹ The cost of the investigation was approximately \$250,000, but the Report adds that "assessments for deficiencies and penalties have been levied by the Bureau of Internal Revenue in a sum exceeding \$2,000,000 as a direct result of the revelations before the sub-committee."

Senator Adams's question, the transactions that were consummated by these two accounts, which had the same syndicate members, involved buying and selling at virtually the same time. That is so, is it not, Mr. Wiggin?

Mr. Wiggin. Same days, undoubtedly.

Mr. Pecora. Is that not a scheme for "churning the market," and producing an activity that would stimulate the prices?

Mr. Wiggin. I think the market was a God-given market.

Mr. Pecora. What is that?

Mr. Wiggin. I think it was a God-given market.

Senator Adams. Are you sure as to the source?

Mr. Wiggin. No, sir.

Mr. Pecora. God-given market, did you say?

Senator Couzens. That is a new one!

The American Stock Exchanges can rightly be taken first in any study of monetary conditions, because what is known as the Wall Street Boom was a huge speculative movement deliberately encouraged by the banks. Gambling in stocks and bonds was a paper inflation backed by hardly anything but brokers' and bankers' loans. In that movement, stocks and bonds were treated exactly as though they were commodities; in fact, Mr. Charles C. Wright, of the New York Stock Exchange, told the sub-committee that persuading the public to come in and buy was "just the same as distributing groceries or other commodities." But when the inflationary movement inevitably collapsed, the loans were called in as rapidly as possible, with the result that money was drawn out of the market of actual commodities and a large part of the American people were reduced to ruin. This question of money leaving one market for another is still of importance in England to-day. A boom in armaments is often used to depress the price of wheat, and now that wheat prices are rising, what is politely known as "speculators' money" is deserting industrial shares for the glittering prizes contained in the housewife's loaf.

The cost to the country of the Stock Exchanges during the boom years is shown by the Report to have run into fabulous figures. The net commissions received by member firms and individual members of twenty-nine organized exchanges (out of a total in America of thirty-four) between January 1, 1928 and August 31, 1933 amounted to \$1,649,668,691. The net

interest received by member firms of the same exchanges during that period amounted to \$325,453,972.

Adding these two totals, it appears that the amount paid by the public for effecting transactions through the members of those twenty-nine exchanges was \$1,975,112,663 (£395,022,533). Nor was that more than a fraction of the actual cost, for the shrinkage in the value of securities following the collapse of the illusory boom in October, 1929, involved losses on an unprecedented scale. The total market value of stocks listed on the New York Exchange dropped by 18 billion dollars within a month and by 74 billion within three years. With that went the closing of banks; the loss of deposits and savings; the drastic curtailment of credit; the inability of creditors to meet their obligations; the growth of unemployment; the diminution of the purchasing power of the people to the point where industry and commerce were prostrated—"all these conditions must be considered in some measure when the ultimate cost to the American public of speculating on the securities exchanges is computed."

The net interest received by the brokers was again hardly an indication of the volume of credit active during the boom. In 1929 the transactions of 39 per cent of the clients were of a margin character—speculations undertaken on money borrowed from brokers¹—and the brokers borrowed in their turn from banks and from large combines. In this way a series of vicious circles commenced. For example, the stock exchange activity, by raising the average price of stocks, increased their value as collateral for loans, thereby encouraging a larger amount of borrowing. Again, non-banking companies like the Standard Oil Co., Inc., of New Jersey, invested in brokers' loans instead of in Government securities; and public utility holding corporations issued and sold unnecessary stock (thereby stimulating speculation) in order to throw money back into the market in the form of loans. "Brokers' loans rose from a maximum of \$1,926,800,000 in the year 1922 to a peak of \$8,549,338,979 in the month of October, 1929. Accompanying this tremendous expansion of borrowings by brokers, the average price of stocks, based

¹ "In the past," says the Report, "the sole prerequisite to the establishment of a margin account was the deposit with a broker of a comparatively small portion of the purchase price of the securities. . . . The celerity with which margin transactions were arranged and the absence of any scrutiny by the broker of the personal credit of the borrower, encouraged persons of all walks of life to embark upon speculative ventures in which they were doomed by their lack of skill and experience to certain loss."

on Standard Statistics' Index, rose from \$60 in 1922 to \$212 in 1929. Following the stock-market collapse on October 24, 1929, brokers' loans declined \$3,000,000,000 in ten days and over \$8,000,000,000 in three years, reaching a low [level] of \$241,599,943 on August 1, 1932. Concurrently, the average price of stocks declined from \$212 to \$35. The insatiable demand for call loans drove the rate of interest on call loans up to 15 per cent to 20 per cent per annum. "In 1929, the daily average of loans made by Standard Oil Co. and its subsidiaries rose to approximately \$69,304,000!"

Of course, not all the transactions on the stock exchanges were executed on behalf of the general public. A very great deal of the activity was in the hands of member firms and individual members themselves, the public being deluded into thinking that movements of price meant a widespread interest. During the "boomlet" in July, 1933, it was discovered that 27 per cent of all transactions on the New York Stock Exchange were executed for the account of members. It further appeared that the total number of shares bought by members during that period approximately equalled the total number of shares sold by them. In other words, they were "churning the market" without any idea of investment.

A device widely employed, and fully recognized by the stock exchanges, was the formation of a pool or syndicate to trade actively in a particular stock. This method involved an agreement between several people, some of them officials of the company whose stock was being manipulated. It involved short selling, to depreciate prices, so that the pool could obtain stock for unloading at a higher point; or the purchase of options for future dealing. It involved, also, the dissemination of false information to the public. One practice was to pay an unwarranted dividend, in order to attract attention. "During the year 1930 the General Asphalt Co. paid out in dividends on its common stock \$1,549,292, although its earnings for the year were only \$1,006,796, leaving a deficit of \$542,921. Of the dividends paid, the participants in the pool, including, as heretofore mentioned, the chairman of the executive committee and a director of the company, received the sum of \$448,850 as their share—29 per cent of the total paid, and 45 per cent of the entire net income of the company for the year."

Nothing is more striking in these revelations than the complacency with which the various stock exchange com-

mittees watched dishonest operations, unless indeed one may consider the gullibility of the public even more astonishing. The dissemination of false information took various forms. In 1933, on the eve of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, there was great activity in "repeal stocks": the public were induced to buy Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co. stock, under the mistaken impression that the firm made glass bottles, because another firm with the name "Owens" in it—the Owens-Illinois Glass Co.—did make glass bottles. But in its heyday the system of propaganda was much more subtle than that. The methods employed included the printing of false bulletins for brokers' clients and the use of professional publicity agents:

David M. Lion . . . testified before the sub-committee that he was the publisher of a paper known as *The Stock and Bond Reporter*. This sheet publicized particular stocks which formed the basis of pool operations. As compensation for such publicity, Lion received calls on substantial blocks of stock from the pool operators. Lion also hired William J. McMahon to broadcast over the radio on stock-market topics. McMahon was introduced to the radio audience as an economist and as President of the McMahon Institute of Financial Research. . . John J. Levenson, a free-lance trader, testified that from May, 1929, to March, 1930, he conducted operations in various stocks which netted him a profit of \$1,138,322.41. To assist him in his market transactions, Levenson availed himself of the services of Raleigh T. Curtis, who conducted a financial column under the name of "The Trader" in the *New York Daily News*, a metropolitan newspaper of wide circulation. . . Indisputable evidence was adduced at the hearings demonstrating that in connexion with pool operations it was usual and customary for the operators to pay newspaper writers for publicity and propaganda disguised as financial news. The compensation was paid in the form of cash or options on the securities so publicized. Congressman LaGuardia set forth several instances of such payments and substantiated them by documentary proof, particularly describing the activities of one Plummer, a publicity man, who expended on behalf of his pool-operating employers the sum of \$286,279 for the publication of articles in the Press favourable to their stocks.

In all this activity the officials of the stock exchanges did not lag behind. The New York Stock Exchange had a committee on publicity instructed "to keep the public correctly informed concerning matters of public interest having to do with the exchange." This committee distributed millions of copies of speeches made by the president of the New York Stock Exchange. In addition, copies of two books, "The Work of the Stock Exchange" and "Short selling," by Edward Meeker, economist of the New York Stock Exchange, were scattered broadcast. "There were distributed without charge to public libraries, college libraries, economics faculties of colleges, newspapers, magazines, public officials, etc., approximately 5,000 copies of 'The Work of the Stock Exchange' and approximately 1,500 copies of 'Short Selling.'"

On the admission of its own president, the Stock Exchange was subject to no legal control whatever, and this immunity extended over all the stock exchanges of the country. With their own hierarchies of committees, they had "unrestricted dominion over the activities of their members." They had their own tribunals of business conduct and of arbitration to consider complaints against members: with power to exact a deposit or other security from the complainant in advance of the hearing. In other respects their powers were equally wide. For example, the committee on stock list of the New York Stock Exchange, while it compelled Ivar Kreuger to pledge securities for the listing of Kreuger & Toll, Co. secured sinking-fund gold debentures, also allowed him at discretion to withdraw the pledged securities and to substitute others. "No audited statement of Kreuger & Toll was ever obtained by the committee, and it merely relied upon the reputation of Ivar Kreuger. Ivar Kreuger, subsequent to the listing, effected a series of substitutions and replaced valuable securities with less valuable ones, concerning all of which the New York Stock Exchange remained in ignorance."

For many years the American stock exchanges resisted proposals for their regulation by any Governmental authority on the ground that they were capable of regulating themselves sufficiently to afford protection to their investors. The New Deal, however, fortified by the revelations of the Senate Committee, acted decisively in the crisis. A credit inflation on the

¹ In 1934 the total membership, regular and associate, on all exchanges was 6,404. The members of the New York Stock Exchange numbered 1,375 and they held 960 memberships on other exchanges, giving them a total of 2,335, or 36.4 per cent of the membership on all exchanges.

old lines is now rendered impossible by the two Banking Acts (1933 and 1935) as well as by the Roosevelt policy of forcing down interest rates with heavy Government borrowing.¹ The same enactments have removed the combines from the business of moneylending. Control over the stock exchanges has been taken over by the Securities and Exchange Commission, administering two principal measures, the Securities Act and the Stock Exchange Act. No broker is now permitted to participate in a purchase or sale of which the outcome has been pre-arranged, for it is such pre-arrangement that gives the market an appearance of false activity. "Wash sales," or purchases and sales wherein no change of ownership takes place, are forbidden by law under penalty of expulsion from the exchange. Every transaction must involve the payment in cash of the full value of the securities to the selling broker and the delivery of the securities to the buying broker. The man who buys the stock must have an account with a member or correspondent. This entails an introduction, accompanied by satisfactory references, and, if the stock is not paid for in full by the client, sufficient funds must be deposited to provide considerable margin.

It is interesting to find that the drafting committee of the Acts followed the provisions of the British Companies Act almost word for word in many clauses, but there were respects in which they went far beyond it. The American counterpart of the British prospectus is the registration statement which must be filed with the S.E.C. before securities can be offered for sale. This registration statement—it may fill a thick volume—goes into every possible detail, from property and plant depreciation to preferred lists, bonuses, salaries, secret commissions, and the interests of officials and directors in other companies. Not only that, but "an untrue statement of a material fact," or the omission "to state a material fact required to be stated or necessary to make the statements not misleading," allows the investor to recover from those who are liable in the preparation of the registration statement. He can turn back his security to them for its original offering

¹ The following are typical present-day extracts from the financial columns of *The Times* (October 18, 1935): "New York Stock Exchange. . . According to the Federal Reserve Board, loans on securities to brokers and dealers held by weekly reporting member banks in New York City for their own account amounted to \$818,000,000 during the week ended October 16th, representing a decrease of \$7,000,000 for the week. . . Call money remained at $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, and the outside rate was unchanged at $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. . ." These rates of interest hardly repay the banks' overheads.

price without having to prove the amount of damages or without having to prove his reliance upon any specific misrepresentation. And those who are liable include not only the person who signed the registration statement, but every person who was a director at the time of filing, every person named in the statement, every accountant, every underwriter.¹

The aim of the new legislation was to make the securities exchanges fulfil their original function of providing open markets for securities, where supply and demand might freely meet at prices uninfluenced by manipulation or control; in short, to make them markets for investors rather than for gamblers; and the protection was made to extend from the public on one side to industry itself on the other. There was dismay among the "money changers in the temple" when President Roosevelt fulfilled in this uncompromising fashion his promise to accompany the old motto *caveat emptor* by its corollary, "let the seller also beware!" Yet the Securities and Exchange Commission is now working harmoniously with a chastened Wall Street, under the chairmanship of a New Dealer who was once himself deeply involved in pool operations—one of Mr. Pecora's victims. To-day he is the policeman who knows the burglar's methods. "The main object of our job," says Mr. Kennedy, "is not intimidation, but protection for the investor as well as for the underwriter where he is entitled to protection. . . . The Commission is *not* designed to make speculation safe nor to make it profitable. Our main concern is the investor and the maintenance of reasonable standards of fair treatment in his business dealings with investment bankers or underwriters of industrial and other securities. Our job is to make it easy for the honest and we intend to stick to the converse of this proposition even more thoroughly—making it hard for the crooks."

The moral of all this is that law needs to be both circum-spect and stringent so as to provide that check on usurious dealings which should be provided by an active and properly instructed conscience.

GREGORY MACDONALD.

¹ From Harold J. T. Horan's article, *loc. cit.*

THE CROSS-ROADS

“**A**ND do you think you are suited to be a priest?” Anthony was beginning to feel tired of that question. Along it came in various forms, differently phrased but alike in essence. Even his own devout brother Colin was not encouraging :

“Rather sudden, old chap—what? I never spotted anything like that about you. Sure you know your own mind?”

“My dear! You know I have never wished to damp your enthusiasms, but, really! This is such an irrevocable step—are you quite sure you are wise?”

This from his adoring mother. And from his father, terse and intolerant of emotion :

“Can’t quite see you as a priest, young man—thought it would be more in Colin’s line. But, of course, you’ll do nothing in a hurry.”

Most chilling of all, his sister Babs, who had never lagged in support of his enterprises :

“Tony dear!—this is really too much! You can’t be yourself—do put the brake on, and come out to Switzerland with me. The mountain air will soon make you yourself again!”

Oddly enough it was the mountains that had made him so unlike himself. No great climber, he had only given them enough attention to fill in gaps in his experience. One did these things—ski-ing, climbing, sleighing—but although he missed the born climber’s sense of achievement, he attained something more unexpected. For one night, when a sudden storm kept him and his guide immured in a hut until day-break, he had a new and uneasy sense of the dominance of the soul. The guide slept, but Anthony remained wakeful; and he heard his own thoughts as never before—voices of a tribunal, summoning him to defend himself. Voices that were grave with rebuke, not for heavy sins, indeed, but for shallow ambitions and trivial enterprises and wasted days. Voices that challenged him to accept life in its awful reality—as a corridor to Death. And in all his healthy youth, the imminence of Death had never loomed so sombrely before him as in that midnight vigil.

Returned to a daylight world and the hotel with its animation, its scattering groups, its disintegrated, easy drift from

one casual event to another, Anthony dismissed his mood as a morbid shadow of the night. But not for long—it soon returned, and came back more strongly after each withdrawal. It became a penance, a mental hair-shirt that slipped restrictingly over his mind when he chafed to be free for leisured enjoyment. Impatient with himself at last, and tired of his conflict, he cut short his visit and came home. Work might be the escape he needed—but that hope proved vain. Never before had the complexity of human affairs seemed so foolish and immaterial. Stockbroking had engrossed him once, now he watched the fluctuations of the market with perfunctory attention. After all, he thought wearily, if you make a pile or lose a pile, it all comes to the same thing in the end, and that thing was Death. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the world and suffer the loss of his own soul?"—the words, at the root of all reality, of all true conversion, came upon him almost as a menace.

At last, in the mood of a sick man afraid of the verdict, he called at a certain famous clergy house in London. Partly the instinct that one must always have expert advice; partly the reviving influences of his collegiate days drew him. His old friend, Father Harrivale, was little changed in spite of time and increased responsibility—still alert, brief, unflinchingly direct. He it was who launched at Anthony the question already so familiar:

"And do you think you are suited to be a priest?"

"Not in the least!" said Anthony unhesitatingly. "I'd never have chosen myself for such a career. But—it's not one's own choice, is it?"

He paused in some embarrassment. The habit of invoking the supernatural to explain his own course did not come easily to him. Father Harrivale smiled, his sudden brilliant smile. "Certainly it isn't one's own choice! And that you take this attitude makes me very hopeful."

"*Hopeful?*" the would-be cleric looked dismally at his former teacher. "You mean that you wanted me to be a priest?"

"I? No, I never thought of it for you. But I very definitely want you to do God's will, and now we must find out where that will lies."

Anthony stared grimly at the floor. There, seen only by himself, the ashes of his burnt flotillas smouldered mournfully. Fleets of idle schemes, of pleasant impermanent de-

sires, all the beloved trifles that a man can pursue until overtaken by his own mortality.

"All right," he said flatly. "I'll do whatever you suggest."

"Very good. I'll write to you in a few days—are you still at the same address? Yes? Well, I won't keep you waiting long."

Time has an elastic quality, and contracts or expands very differently in varying circumstances. It seemed a purgatorial period until a letter came in Father Harrivale's neat and scholarly script.

"You are to do nothing for a year," Anthony read in amazement. "Then, if you are still disquieted in any way, come back to me. Meanwhile, I want you to take up social work. I suggest Father Geraldson's club in the East End. Get in touch with him at once."

"Rather cool, to settle your life for you like that!" his sister said impatiently. "I wonder you let him do it!"

"My dear girl, I asked Father Harrivale's advice, didn't I?"

"Oh, well!" She had a feminine contempt for slow, masculine processes of thought. "If he's so wonderful as you think, why doesn't he settle it at once—yes or no?"

"And then you'd say, 'how dare anyone be so oracular!' " Her brother shook his head amusedly. "No, Babs, voices don't come out of the clouds in these days; one has to plough one's way to a decision."

His sister shrugged her shoulders. Not for her these impalpable problems, these inward conflicts between spirit and sense. Her soul had ceased to trouble her much since one brief spurt of fervour in her school-days, now receded well into the past. All right for saints to torment themselves like this, but rather silly in ordinary people. Rather silly, too, of Anthony to refuse to be ordinary—whoever heard of a rising young stockbroker fidgeting about his soul? She yawned, and lit a cigarette.

In the months that followed Anthony came down to the bedrock of distressed human experience. He witnessed poverty in its mouldy begrimed horror; he knew the staleness of tenement homes, the warped minds and stunted bodies that these homes encompassed. He came home at night, sickened and bewildered by the injustice of life towards these unfortunates; and yet he returned to them afresh, revived, and with a sense of fulfilling a trust. They seemed his own people now—no,

not his, but Another's. He had come full circle after all, turning from the peaks and the illumination they brought to him, to meet it again among the darkest nooks of a city slum. Before the year had elapsed, certain of his vocation, he wrote to Father Harrivale begging for his probation to be curtailed. The reply was brief :

"Stay where you are, and learn to wait. Also, to obey."

This letter Anthony did not show his sister !—but after the first shock, he took it cheerfully and appreciatively. "He's disciplined himself, and has every right to expect discipline from others. Dear old Father Harrivale !"

The year ended at last, on the Feast of the Annunciation. It seemed auspicious to Anthony, with his heart full of fervent animating hopes. He decided that he would spend the morning quietly and report to Father Harrivale in the afternoon. A short bout of influenza had kept him from the office—another day's convalescence would not matter much. Especially as the office was soon to lose him for ever.

Spring was in the air, and with it the unrest which remains undefined, yet colours every mood. He walked through the park where a militia of tulips marched in gallant colours. Children played in the sun—lithe, sunny-haired creatures. One of these, a tiny lad, ran to Anthony and clasped him about the knees. Looking down into that sparkling little face, Anthony felt his heart contract with a deep, fundamental longing. Your son !—your own son ! . . . Well, that was one of the great gifts which had to smoulder on the pyre. He braced himself, and turned his mind resolutely to the future that lay before him.

Along the path came a figure, grimly black—a cleric hastening along, apparently unaware of the youth and sunlight around him. One of those dark-visaged priests who are conveniently at hand to cast a blight, in popular anti-Catholic fiction ! As it happened, he was an excellent Protestant clergyman, devoted to his parish, and pondering anxiously how to help a poor family from his own depleted resources. But Anthony, too keenly aware of the discordant note struck in that symphony of Spring, sighed and repressed a shudder. "There's no doubt about it, the black cloth does look funereal ! A pity that pastors must dress like that."

He scoffed at the thought even as it formed itself. What kind of mentality could be influenced by such externals as a sombre cloth ? Yet, because he was still young and wore his

youth gallantly, there was a pricking of the goad in the thought of the grave attire that would soon be his. And, so deeply can a trivial grit of irritation imbed itself, the thought of his altered self discomfited him unreasonably. That, and—much more—the children laughing in the sunlight. He swished the sleek grass irritably with his stick—the old conflict was upon him, and he felt unready for it. Lovely glittering Life, luring him away into pleasant pastures! Stern, unrelenting Supernatural Life, holding out its fetters for heart and mind and soul!

"I'll see Father Harrivale another day," he decided suddenly. "I'm not ready yet."

A glance at his watch warned him that it was the luncheon hour; he turned towards his club. Someone or other would certainly be there to distract him; and as he seated himself in his favourite corner he saw a familiar face smiling at him from a neighbouring table.

"Hallo, Henderson!" his neighbour rose and approached. "Come over and join us, will you? I'd like you to meet Armitage."

Armitage, on closer inspection, proved a remarkable person; brilliant looking, in a way that Anthony somehow found disquieting. Dark people are not infrequently tarred with sinister qualities by fiction writers, but in this man the darkness went deeper than mere pigmentation. "He's rather a queer chap," Anthony reflected. "I don't care for him, dashed clever though he certainly is!"

And dashed clever the conversation certainly was. Their host, a mild playwright, listened appreciatively; Anthony was held against his will, while Armitage took the foreground with easy, effortless supremacy. After lunch the host glanced at his watch.

"I'm sorry. I've got to hurry away. I daren't keep my leading lady waiting."

Anthony made a movement to join him, but Armitage put out a detaining hand.

"Don't desert me too, please! There are one or two things I'd like to have your opinion about."

It is always flattering to have your opinion solicited; and all the more when the plea comes from an obviously brilliant personality. Anthony yielded gracefully. Soon he was sitting back, easy and relaxed. Good food and good wine rouse an ambrosial glow in the mind; and in that glow Armitage

assumed more and more attractiveness. At first Anthony talked fluently and impersonally; but after a while he found himself talking more expansively than he realized. He had discovered a taste in common with Armitage—a passion for Chinese porcelain, on which the latter spoke with a collector's discernment.

"Still, there are one or two pieces that I'm not quite comfortable about," he confided. "I'd like you to have a look at them—perhaps you will dine with us one evening? Are you married, by the way?"

"I?" Anthony laughed drily. "No, I'm not married."

"That's a pity!" Armitage's tone was paternal. "Marriage means so much in a man's life—gives him a background. And that is what we all need."

"Some of us prefer what lies ahead of us to what lies around us!" Anthony said shyly and clumsily, still at grips with his own inward problem.

"'Yonder the long horizon lies?'" the older man smiled tolerantly. "Oh, I know. We've all felt like that some time or other; but, really my dear fellow, the horizon is remarkably unresponsive! Not like a woman who needs you—your own children. Perhaps you don't care about children though?"

Here was the chink in the armour, and the lightly-lanced words penetrated deeply. Anthony flinched in spite of himself, and Armitage quickened and leaned forward. Were his eyes always so bright? so searching? eyes from which one could withhold no secret?

"Forgive me—I'm an impertinent old man—or you'll think me one. But I can feel that you are killing something in yourself. Yes—it sounds absurd; but I'm psychic—my mother was too. And I know that you are keyed up to a decision—take care that you do not mar your whole life!"

Anthony felt nervous and abashed. How truly Armitage spoke, how uncannily he had gauged his state of mind!

"Don't tell me anything unless you want to," the quiet voice went on. "But I implore you not to take any step which may bring lifelong regret."

Anthony raised his head, suddenly, uncontrollably exasperated: "Why are you talking to me like this? You've never met me until to-day. Isn't it rather unusual?"

Armitage made a deprecating gesture:

"Unusual? Certainly it is. But you are—forgive me—

a very unusual young man. One who is born to lead—not to obey; to live fully, not to fetter himself. Have you not found that out yet?"

For a moment Anthony could not answer. This man's words, resented but nevertheless barbed with penetration, had stirred in him a turmoil which threatened to overcome him. He forced himself to speak calmly, as he half rose from his chair :

"I must not waste more of your time. Thanks for your solicitude! I'm afraid I must leave you now."

"Very well," Armitage was smiling, but his colour had deepened. He continued with sudden emphasis : "I'm afraid you thought me indiscreet, now I'll go a step further and be indiscreet about myself. I once thought as you did—believed in the beckoning horizon and all that folly. I threw my youth away—entered a monastery, and wasted the best years of my life. Now I have one aim—one hope—to save others from my own insane decision."

Anthony looked down at that struggling face—the eyes so strangely bright and compelling.

"You were once a Catholic priest?" he said slowly.

"Yes." The defiant monosyllable dropped between them like a stone.

"And now you are—what?"

"Living a sane life at last! My wife, my children, my home!" Armitage controlled his voice with an effort. "Well, I needn't enlarge upon it. I think I've said enough to help you if you are contemplating such folly."

"Thanks." Anthony's voice was low but steady. "You have helped me to make up my mind. By the grace of God I'll be a priest; and—and may God have pity on you!"

Armitage's laugh followed him as he swiftly made his way out of the room. He seized his hat and stick, and crossed the hall rapidly. No one else must intercept him. Outside the air was cool and blew upon him like a sudden benediction.

A taxi approached slowly; he hailed it.

"Where to, sir?"

"Barnsley Square—and stop at St. Mary's Presbytery."

The streets swept and garnished in the spring light, the park a gentle blur of grass and flowers—all passed unnoticed by Anthony. He sat back, weary but content, as a soldier who has come through the clash of a campaign to serene and final victory.

M. O'ROURKE.

A REFORMATION CENTENARY

AN article in the November issue of the *Contemporary Review*, by Dr. J. Scott Lidgett, called attention to the preparations now in progress to celebrate the fourth Centenary of the Reformation. The date fixed is 1938, and the reason for the selection of this particular year is that those responsible (including both Anglicans and Nonconformists) have decided to focus attention on "the setting up of the English Bible in the English churches, which actually took place in 1538." The campaign to be organized will, in the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury, "concentrate the commemoration so far as possible upon gratitude for the possession of the English Bible." They must do what they could, declared the same speaker, addressing the inaugural meeting, "to restore the place and value of the Bible in the life of the English people." The provisional committee appointed, according to the report of this meeting published in the *Times*, June 1, 1935, hopes that as a result of its labours "personal religion in this country" will "be deepened and the corporate unity of the Churches strengthened."

The choice made was due, it seems evident, to the fact that in honouring the English Bible all sections could unite. The Archbishop of Canterbury summed up the position when, at this meeting, he said that "any fair-minded man would agree that during large portions of that long movement [the Reformation] stress was laid upon doctrines which had little relevance to what was moving in the minds and thoughts of men to-day. He would be no party to any commemoration which regarded the Reformation as an unmixed blessing, still less as implying that the Church he represented began in the days of the Reformation. What they had to do in that matter was to try to note the emergence from all the conflicting episodes of the past of what was of permanent, positive value to Christian faith and life. Beyond question the greatest and most permanently valuable legacy of the Reformation was the gift to the English people of the Bible in their own native tongue." The strengthening of "the corporate unity of the Churches" is clearly one of the prime objects of the commemoration, and the selection of the specific event to be celebrated is largely due to the idea that it constitutes a common bond between the Protestant bodies.

Apart from the particular historical context in which it is set, the object selected by the Committee must recommend itself to everyone who has at heart the quickening and deepening of religious life in this country. The Committee has chosen what is positive and in harmony with the wishes of all earnest Christian people. But it is unfortunate that so worthy an aim should be associated with a Centenary that is bound to introduce the controversial element. While endeavouring to strengthen "the bond of unity of the Churches" concerned, it revives in a provocative manner a dispute which in the past has done much to poison the devotional use of the Bible. If the attention of Englishmen is to be re-directed to the Sacred Scriptures apropos of this quarrel, it is safe to say that the hope expressed that the commemoration will deepen personal religion is not likely to be fulfilled.

The renewal of this controversy is the more untimely in view of what is taking place in Germany. The anti-Semitism which has extended its attack to Christians of all denominations has united in defence of the Bible not only various types of Protestants, but also Catholics and Protestants. The Sacred Volume is there proving a bond of unity between those whom formerly controversy concerning it separated. It may be well here to recall the words in which Cardinal Faulhaber has expressed the Catholic point of view in this connexion.

To these separated brethren [he declared in the course of sermons on "Judaism, Christianity and Germany," preached in Munich during Advent, 1933], we stretch forth our hand to make common cause with them in defence of the sacred books of the Old Testament, so that we may save them for the German nation and preserve this precious treasury of doctrine for the Christian schools.

And again, even more significantly :

A storm is brewing in this country to-day, a hurricane which would sweep the Sacred Scriptures out of Germany, because they are Jewish books. It is my conviction that its effect, on the contrary, will be to enkindle in men of all creeds a new and holy enthusiasm for the sacred books. Our separated brethren do not kneel with us at the Communion rail. But to meditate with faith on the Holy Gospel is to enter into spiritual communion with Our Lord and Saviour. In May, 1928, a great Congress was held in Turin for the spread of the Holy Scrip-

tures, with the motto: "To know, to live and to spread the Gospel." The Holy Father on that occasion wrote to the Congress as follows: "No book can speak to the soul with such light of truth, with such power of example and with such loving-kindness as the Holy Gospel."

The historical associations of the proposed effort to "restore the place and value of the Bible in the life of the English people" suggests that such an attitude as that expressed by Cardinal Faulhaber would be impossible on the part of one representing the Catholic Church in England. Instead of the proposed campaign aiming at enlisting the sympathy of all English Christians and uniting them in defence of the Scriptures in the face of that pagan materialism which is our common enemy, the demonstration in 1938, if carried out on the lines indicated, will inevitably imply that the Catholic Church has no interest in, even if she be not opposed to, the diffusion of the Scriptures. By the perpetuation of this ancient misunderstanding, instead of serving to bring into line the Christian forces of our country, whose co-operation—wherever that is possible—is to-day so necessary, the commemoration in question will tend to cause estrangement.

But the decision arrived at by the Centenary Committee, if from one point of view subject to criticism, is a valuable index which should enable us to approach our separated brethren with some hopes of success. Love for the Bible is defined as the one tangible and positive thing which unites the various sections of non-Catholic Christians. Here, apparently, is something that goes deeper and is more firmly embedded in their minds than any of those differences which divide them. Appeal has been made to the tradition which, to a peculiar extent, associates English religious life with the Bible. That tradition, I believe, has much to be said for it, and it offers an instructive clue to the path along which the English conscience can be reached.

Perhaps Matthew Arnold was not far wrong when, in "Culture and Anarchy," he declared that there was much in common between the genius of the Anglo-Saxon people and that of the Hebrews.

Nothing more strongly marks the essential unity of man [he wrote] than the affinities we can perceive, in this point or that, between members of one family of peoples and members of another. And no affinity of this kind is more strongly marked than that likeness in the strength

and prominence of the moral fibre, which, notwithstanding immense elements of difference, knits in some special sort the genius and history of us English, and our American descendants across the Atlantic, to the genius and history of the Hebrew people. Puritanism, which has been so great a power in the English nation, and in the strongest part of the English nation, was originally the reaction in the seventeenth century of the conscience and moral sense of our race, against the moral indifference and lax rule of conduct which in the sixteenth century came in with the Renaissance. It was a reaction of Hebraism against Hellenism; and it powerfully manifested itself, as was natural, in a people with much of what we call a Hebraizing turn, with a singular affinity for the bent which was the master-bent of Hebrew life.

Dr. Maitland was right when he described the mentality of the Middle Ages as saturated in the Scriptures, but this was particularly true of that mentality as exhibited in our own country. Writing of "The People's Faith in the time of Wyclif," Mr. Bernard Lord Manning, one of the contributors to the "Cambridge Medieval History," says:

It would be a gross mistake to imagine that Scriptural history became part of the common stock of knowledge only after the Reformation. The everyday speech of the people was not indeed steeped in Scriptural phraseology before the Authorized Version appeared, but the popular literature of the fourteenth century—songs, romances, and moral anecdotes—is filled with references to the Bible. Noah's Flood, the wives and wisdom of Solomon, the wickedness of Jezebel and the fate of Nebuchadnezzar, were as current in the common speech of Catholic as of Protestant England. The story of "man's first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree" had provoked controversies before Wyclif's followers translated the first chapters of Genesis; the responsibility of Eve and the serpent for Adam's fall was as hotly contested in Chaucer's day as in Darwin's.

The effect of the Reformation was not to give the English people their Bible, but to concentrate attention on the printed page to the exclusion of everything else. As Mr. Belloc has said in his "Cranmer":

It is not historically true that this rising anti-Catholic

movement began with a fervid desire to make the laity acquainted with the Scriptures. The laity were already permeated with the Scriptures and had so been for centuries and centuries. The principle of Holy Writ's being of such pre-eminent and unique value was, of course, as old as the Church itself. What the revolt did was to *isolate* this one authority, to pit it against the higher, living, authority of the Church and so to warp its function.

This isolation of the Bible, however bad the ultimate effect, did result in making Englishmen as a whole familiar with the letter of Scripture. For generations the book was interwoven with the nation's life to an extent that to-day we find it difficult to credit. Bibliolatry, indeed, became almost the hall-mark of Englishness—a process much aided by the lofty nobility of the prose which the Authorized Version familiarized. Even to-day one may hear references to “the English Bible” which almost suggest that the inspired writers actually wrote in our language. And the annual Reports of the British and Foreign Bible Society show how a creed devoid of sacraments and sacrifice, and without assurance of definite doctrine, is obliged to fall back upon distribution of versions of the Bible as its only, though singularly ineffectual, means of evangelizing the heathen. The Society administers a yearly income of £366,000 odd, has translated the Bible or parts of it into 692 languages and dialects, and has distributed during the past twelve months no fewer than 10,970,609 copies. There can be no doubt about the zeal which inspires this strange Apostolate, nor the regard for the Word of God which it implies.

We shall be told, of course, rightly enough, that the Higher Criticism and other features of modern life have destroyed this tradition and that the present generation of non-Catholic English-speaking folk is woefully ignorant of the Scriptures, even those claiming to be well educated showing really alarming evidence of unacquaintance with its pages. The old trail which led to the English conscience, it is true, is overgrown and little visible trace of it remains. Nevertheless, it is always easier to recover old paths than to blaze new ones. There is still a subconscious English soul that will respond to an appeal which it recognizes as having the authority of the Bible. Especially is this the case among those who come of Puritan ancestors. The Bible is in their blood and no destructive

criticism or pagan influences have been able entirely to destroy the instinctive reverence they feel for it. More than one convert, if he analysed the factors that had led to his becoming a Catholic, would find that early familiarity with the Scriptures had played a large if unobtrusive part. This is true, I think, in a special degree of the Old Testament with its picture of a Chosen Community having its definite beliefs and practices, its geographical centre and its exclusive claim to possess the oracles of God. Cardinal Manning once said to the Jews: "I should not understand my own religion, had I no reverence for yours." Many a convert might be able to say: "I should never have embraced the Catholic Church if I had not been brought up on the Old Testament."

Cardinal Faulhaber's reference to the Catholic Congress in 1928 for the spread of Scripture knowledge suggests that Catholics in this country might well take occasion of this Protestant Centenary (since our own versions of the Old and New Testaments will, in 1936, be respectively only 327 and 354 years old), to vindicate the Church's loving and reverential attitude towards the Word of God, the canon of which she originally drew up and the contents of which she diligently reproduced and handed down during the long centuries before the invention of printing, and which forms such an integral part of her liturgical services. And we cannot do so more effectually than by following her counsel to become faithful and loving readers of the Scriptures, particularly of the New Testament. Happily, in the Westminster Version of the New Testament lately brought to a successful conclusion, Scripture reading is made both pleasant and profitable by the printing and editing of the Sacred Text in a manner worthy of its unique dignity, and by surrounding it with every help to complete understanding. This alone should give a great impulse amongst us to the study of God's Word, so necessary for the thorough appreciation of our Faith and such a potent means of fostering our hope and our charity. The repellent form, with crowded pages, small type, and a minimum of notes, to which the cult of economy has for so long condemned the most precious Book in the world, can no longer be pleaded as an excuse for not becoming familiar with the records of God's revelation which, next to the living voice of the Church which guarantees them, are our best guide along the true way to Life.

STANLEY B. JAMES.

A RARE TYPE OF POLTERGEIST

THOSE who may have read with attention the various narratives of poltergeist disturbances which have been published in these pages and elsewhere will probably have noticed that the agency which produces them, whatever it be, though far from noiseless in its operations, is hardly ever heard to speak. Exceptions are, no doubt, on record,¹ but they are rare. If the racketing spirit attempts to communicate, its purpose is most commonly effected by chalking up some message on the wall or by writing on a blank sheet of paper. The departure from this rule of silence, which is so conspicuous a feature in the story which follows, may reasonably be held, quite apart from the other extravagant features, to throw doubt upon its accuracy. Unfortunately also, as the incidents occurred forty-six years ago in a remote part of Canada, it is hopeless to think of obtaining any verification. It can only be said that stories published in local journals and containing the names of many people living in the district can hardly be pure inventions. An editor is apt to be sensitive to the ridicule and loss of credit which follows when he is publicly made a fool of. This premised, I may proceed to abridge the tale from the very full account printed in *Light* in the course of December, 1889.

On September 15, 1889, the family of George Dagg, a farmer living in the township of Clarendon, Province of Quebec, began, we are told, to be troubled by some strange spirit of mischief which played havoc with their peaceful home and drove them nearly distracted. The family consisted of George Dagg, aged thirty-five years, his wife Susan, little Mary

¹ The most striking case known to me of a talking poltergeist is that of Mâcon in 1612, described in great detail by a Huguenot minister, M. François Perrault, who was himself the victim of this infestation. I have given an account of it in the *Irish Quarterly Studies* for June, 1928, pp. 215—228. During nearly two months, long dialogues were maintained between the spirit and a number of visitors who assembled on an evening in M. Perrault's house in order to talk to it. In the "Amherst Mystery" the spook, as Mr. Hubbell alleges "was heard to make threatening speeches on one or two occasions, but it nearly always communicated by scrawling some message. So, again, no voice was heard, but much was written on walls in the Indian (Tanjore district) poltergeist case (see *THE MONTH*, September and October, 1929). Another example, in which the poltergeist answered questions by knocks and mimicked all kinds of familiar noises, was made known to me some time since by the kindness of a lady correspondent who was herself present on more than one occasion. I hope to speak of it in some future article.

Dagg aged four, little Johnny Dagg aged two, and Dinah Burden McLean aged eleven.¹ This little girl Dinah, an orphan, was sent out from Scotland by Mr. Quarrier, and had been adopted from the Belleville Home by Mr. Dagg five years earlier. Previously to the commencement of these troubles, she was a stout, rosy-cheeked Scotch girl. "Now," says the report, "her cheeks are sunken in, dark rings encircle her eyes, and she is a mere shadow of her former self." As constantly happens in such cases, the farmer folk of the surrounding country believed that some sort of witchcraft or magic must be at the bottom of the troubles, and a certain Mrs. Wallace and her children fell under suspicion. The one fact which was a matter of observation was that when Dinah was away from the house the disturbances ceased.

The account of the case, which was printed in *The Recorder* of Brockville, Canada, was furnished by a certain Mr. Woodcock, described as an artist well known in the Dominion, who had also lived in New York and in Paris. He visited the Dagg on Friday, November 15th, and spent most of his time with them until the Sunday evening. During these three days he made notes of what he could learn from the family and the neighbours, and seems to have convinced himself that the physical manifestations, alleged to have taken place during the previous two months, were unquestionably authentic. Among other things he was informed that on September 15th Mr. Dagg had brought home a five-dollar bill and a two-dollar bill and gave them to his wife, who placed them in a bureau drawer. In the morning a little boy named Dean, an orphan, who was employed by various farmers as "chore boy," and who was temporarily in the service of the Dagg, came down from his bed in the garret and proceeded to light a fire in the cooking stove. Seeing on the floor a five-dollar bill he took it at once to Mr. Dagg telling him where he had found it. Mr. Dagg, being suspicious, looked in the drawer and discovered that the two-dollar bill was also gone. So sending the boy out of doors to milk, he examined his room and found the missing bill in his bed. Although convinced that the boy was guilty, they said nothing until later in the day when, on returning from the milk house, Mrs. Dagg found on the floor of her house from back to front a streak of filth. This, with the theft of the money,

¹ There were also relatives bearing the same name, Dagg, who seem to have lived not far off.

was too much for Mrs. Dagg and she immediately ordered the boy Dean out of the house. The boy stoutly asserted his innocence, but had to go. Mr. Dagg took the boy to Shawville before a magistrate, and while they were away the same thing happened again and filth was found in various places, in the eatables, in the beds, etc., showing conclusively that the boy was in no way connected with it. This continued for about a week and was accompanied by various other antics. Milk-pans were emptied, butter was taken from the crocks and put into the pans. As a precaution the milk and eatables were then conveyed to the attic for safety, but just the same annoyances occurred there as had happened before. This attic had no doors or windows and no entrance except by a stair which led up to it from the kitchen, and no one could enter the place without being seen, as these things were done in the daytime. The worry about eatables was succeeded by the smashing of windows, the outbreak of fires, the pouring of water and much other mischief. One afternoon little Dinah felt her hair, which hung in a long braid down her back, suddenly pulled, and on her crying out, the family found her braid almost cut off. It had to be completely severed. Incidents of this kind recurred during two months, and then a new type of manifestation developed. A gruff voice, which at first was heard by Dinah alone, began to be audible to all who were present.

On the Saturday morning of Mr. Woodcock's visit, he tried to have a private talk with Dinah and took the child to an open shed at the back of the house where she declared she had seen something. Dinah said: "Are you there, Mister?" To Mr. Woodcock's intense astonishment, "a deep, gruff voice, as of an old man, seemingly within four or five feet from him, instantly replied in language which cannot be repeated here." The visitor, recovering from his astonishment, said: "Who are you?" To which the reply came: "I am the devil. I'll have you in my clutches. Get out of this or I'll break your neck."

From these beginnings a conversational wrangle developed which went on, we are told, for several hours. The voice used foul and obscene language, but in deference to the remonstrances of Mr. Woodcock and George Dagg, after a while showed more restraint. The account insists that the gruff voice could not have been that of the child, which was rather exceptionally high-pitched, and also that there was no pos-

sible place of concealment where a practical joker could have hidden himself. As Mr. Woodcock had heard of writings having been found about the house, he challenged the spirit to write something. Putting a sheet of paper and a pencil on a bench in the shed he saw the pencil stand up and move along the surface. As soon as the pencil dropped, he stepped over, and examining the paper said: "I asked you to write something decent." To this the voice replied in an angry tone: "I'll steal your pencil," and immediately the pencil rose from the bench and was thrown violently across the shed.

In the report given of the dialogue between the voice and its questioners, we find passages like the following:

Mr. Dagg: "Why have you been bothering me and my family?"

Answer: "Just for fun."

Mr. Dagg: "It was not very much fun when you threw a stone and struck little Mary."

Answer: "Poor wee Mary! I did not mean to hit her, I intended it for Dinah; but I did not let it hurt her."

Mr. Dagg: "If it was only for fun why did you try to set the house on fire?"

Answer: "I didn't. The fires came always in the daytime and where you could see them. I'm sorry I did it."

In the end a promise was obtained from the spook that it would say good-bye and leave the house for good on the following night, the Sunday.

News of this spread, and there was great excitement throughout the neighbourhood. People began arriving early in the morning, and all the afternoon the place was thronged. The voice was on its good behaviour, as had been promised, but it answered questions and made comments on different people as they entered the room. Some remarks were very amusing and displayed an intimate knowledge of the private affairs of many of the questioners. One of the visitors commented on the change for the better in the language used. The reply thereupon came: "I am not the person who used the filthy language. I am an angel from Heaven sent by God to drive away that fellow." This character was maintained for some time, but Mr. Woodcock declares that the

voice was the same as that which they had previously heard, and, as the day wore on and many questions were asked, the spook contradicted himself, and getting entangled, lost his temper, saying many things quite out of harmony with his supposed heavenly origin.

Before ending his visit on the Sunday, Mr. Woodcock drew up the following report :

"To whom it may concern : We, the undersigned, solemnly declare that the following curious proceedings which began on the 15th day of September, 1889, and are still going on on the 17th day of November, 1889, in the house of Mr. George Dagg, a farmer living seven miles from Shawville, Clarendon Township, Pontiac County, Province of Quebec, actually occurred as below described.

1st. That fires have broken out spontaneously throughout the house, as many as eight occurring in one day, six being in the house and two outside ; that the window curtains were burned whilst on the windows, this happening in broad daylight, whilst the family and neighbours were in the house.

2nd. That stones were thrown by invisible hands through the windows, as many as eight panes of glass being broken, that articles such as a water jug, milk pitchers, a wash basin, cream tub, butter tub and other articles were thrown about the house by the same invisible agency, a jar of water being thrown in the face of Mrs. John Dagg, also one in the face of Mrs. George Dagg while they were being about their household duties, Mrs. George Dagg being alone in the house at the time it was thrown in her face ; that a large dining table was thrown down ; a mouth organ, which was lying on a small shelf, was distinctly heard to be played and was seen to move across the room on to the floor, while, immediately after, a rocking chair began rocking furiously ; that a washboard was sent flying down the stairs from the garret, no one being in the garret at the time. Further, that when the child Dinah is present a deep, gruff voice, like that of an aged man, has been heard at various times, both in the house and out of doors, and when asked questions has answered so as to be distinctly heard, showing that he is cognizant of all that has taken place, not only in Mr. Dagg's family, but also in the families in the surrounding neighbourhood ; that he claims to be a disincarnated being who died twenty years ago, aged about eighty years ; that he gave his name to Mr. George Dagg and Mr. Willie Dagg, forbidding them to tell it ; that

this intelligence is able to make himself visible to Dinah, little Mary and Johnny, who have seen him under different forms at different times, at one time as a tall, thin man with a cow's head, horns, tail and a cloven foot, at another time as a big black dog, and finally as a man with a beautiful face and long white hair dressed in white, wearing a crown with stars in it."¹

This document is signed by seventeen witnesses, beginning with the Daggs, all of them responsible people living in the district. No women's names are included, and Mr. Woodcock declares that he might have had twice as many signatures had he wanted them.

Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the story is the fact that the spook after all took his departure in a blaze of glory. Though Mr. Woodcock left the house on the Sunday evening to return to his own lodging, a number of people seem to have remained behind with the Daggs, hoping to witness the promised leavetaking of the author of all the disturbance. By this time he had, so far as appearances went, completely changed his character. He suddenly laid aside his gruff tones, declared that he had only maintained this harsh accent because otherwise people would have believed that Dinah was doing it, and then proceeded to sing hymns in what is described as a very beautiful flute-like voice. The group of visitors present were enchanted, and completely convinced by this reassumption of angelic attributes. So far from hastening the departure of the spook, they pressed him to stay, and this strange séance was prolonged until 3 a.m. The spirit then said good-bye, but promised to show himself to the children later in the morning.

Early in the forenoon of the Monday Mr. Woodcock himself came back to the Daggs' house to take leave. He describes how, as he got there, "the three children, who had been out in the yard, came rushing into the house, wild-eyed and fearfully excited." I can only copy the exact terms of the statement which follows:

"Little Mary cried out 'Oh, Mama! the beautiful man! He took little Johnny and me in his arms, and, Oh, Mama, I

¹ It seems pretty obvious that though this document purports to have been signed on the Sunday, there has been added to it a reference to the venerable white-haired figure which only manifested on the Monday morning. This indicates a rather lax conscience in dealing with evidence. But the names of the seventeen witnesses are all printed in full, and the interpolation was probably made with the knowledge of the Daggs and perhaps with the consent of some others of the signatories.

played on the music and he went to Heaven and was all red !' They, the Daggs, rushed to the door, but nothing unusual was to be seen. On questioning the girls they both told the same story. Their accounts said it was a beautiful man, dressed in white, with ribbons and pretty things all over his clothes, with a gold thing on his head and stars in it. They said he had a lovely face and long white hair, that he stooped down and took little Mary and the baby [Johnny] and said Johnny was a fine little fellow, and that Mary played on the music-thing he had with him. Dinah said she distinctly saw him stoop and lift Mary and Johnny in his arms and heard him speak to Johnny. Dinah said he spoke to her also and said—that man Woodcock thought he was not an angel, but he would show that he was, and then, she said, he went up to Heaven. On being questioned, she said he seemed to go right up in the air and disappear. He was in a kind of fire and the fire seemed to blaze up from his feet and surrounded him until he disappeared. No amount of questioning could shake their stories in the least."

Personally I find it hard to believe that Mr. Woodcock invented this. It runs so counter to the very uncomplimentary view of the spook which he had expressed the day before. Extravagant as the description is, it seems to me that as a documentary illustration of child psychology it is not without its value. Was it all a fiction which Dinah mendaciously invented and stuck to, impressing it on the minds of her younger companions? If there is truth in the statement about the three "rushing in, wild-eyed and fearfully excited," this explanation seems unlikely. A more probable theory would suggest that some telepathic influence affected simultaneously the susceptible mental faculties of the children, enabling them to visualize a scene which existed only in their own imagination. Fancy and reality lie nearer together in the mind of the child than in that of the adult, and, even in the case of adults, they commingle strangely in our dreams. But what could be the source of this telepathic influence? One speaks very much in the dark, but, accepting as I do the existence of a spirit world, angelic, demonic and possibly nondescript, I should be more inclined to look for the impulse there than to identify it with any terrestrial agent. Children may very probably be more susceptible to such telepathic influences from outside than the normal adult is! We must, I think, recognize that some individuals possess psychic faculties, often involving

a certain power of clairvoyance. It is alleged that people so gifted are able to see auras, faces, forms or hands, apparently materialized, which others, not so endowed, are incapable of perceiving. Whether that which is discerned on these occasions exists objectively and is localized at a point in space which can be determined by fixed co-ordinates, we do not know. It may be that there is, after all, nothing but a subjective perception, and that this is induced by telepathic suggestion from outside. But, however this may be, it is unquestionable that in a considerable number of accounts of poltergeist phenomena, the spook, while remaining invisible to all grown-up people, is said at times to have revealed himself, often in a highly fantastical guise (*e.g.*, under the appearance of a man they have never seen, an old witch, a black dog, etc.), to some child medium involved in the disturbances.¹

At a later date (November, 1890) *Light* published some further details connected with the Dagg poltergeist.²

Mr. Arthur Smart, a resident in the neighbourhood, who is described as a most trustworthy witness, testified to these facts which he had himself witnessed.

"He sat in front of a little cupboard at a distance of not more than four or five feet and directly facing it. There he saw Mrs. Dagg put in two pans full of bread which she had just taken from the oven. After doing so she took a pail and went out to milk, while he continued to sit facing the cupboard. In about ten minutes Mrs. Dagg, on coming in with her milk, found one of the pans full of bread in the back kitchen, and, on her expressing her surprise, he opened the cupboard and found only one there. This, he said, was the first thing which fairly staggered his unbelief."

In the absence of Mr. Dagg, who was away from home with his threshing machine, Mr. Arthur Smart used to be invited to sit with the family, as they were afraid to stay alone.

"On one of these occasions, while they were sitting round the stove in the evening, a match was heard falling on the floor, which was uncarpeted, then another and another, and this continued till the floor of the room was pretty well covered. Mr. Smart watched with all the care possible to

¹ See, for example, the Cideville case (*THE MONTH*, April, 1934, p. 340), the Molly Giles (Bristol) case (*THE MONTH*, August, 1928, p. 158), the Poona case (*Psychic Research*, May, 1930, p. 227), and a number of others.

² *Light*, November 22, 1890, p. 567.

see if he could see the matches leaving the safe,¹ which hung against the wall, but failed to see them, nor could he see them fall until within a few inches of the floor. After the shower was over he examined the safe and found it empty. He then proceeded to gather up the matches and got enough to fill the safe."

From Mrs. Dagg herself, another investigator (Robert Grant, a teacher, much respected in the neighbourhood), had the following account of one of the most striking incidents of the phenomena which took place in the presence of the same little medium, Dinah McLean. Mrs. Dagg told him :

"One day, just after dinner, I and Dinah were standing at the window on the side of the room opposite to where the dining table stands, when we saw it slowly turning over towards her till it fell on one side. It then made a second turn and lay with its legs pointing to the ceiling. This occurred at about 1 o'clock p.m. on a clear, sunny day when no one was near except myself and the family."

Mr. Grant reports that he examined the table carefully. It was about 8 feet long and 3½ feet wide, a very heavy, strongly-built table.

There are two features in the above story which lead me to think that, despite its extraordinary character, the narrative may have been written in good faith, and that if a certain allowance be made for the embellishments nearly always introduced by people who are very much startled, it may correspond pretty closely with the facts. The narrators do not betray any knowledge that what they record corresponds with the observations made in numberless similar cases in all parts of the world, and they do not, as they would almost inevitably do if they possessed that knowledge, emphasize these points when they speak of them.

The first matter to which I refer is the assertion of the spook that when he threw a stone, which hit little wee Mary by mistake, he "did not let it hurt her." The fact that Mary was not hurt was confirmed by the Dagg family, who seemed a good deal surprised at her escape. It also appears that though a number of fires were started the spook claimed that "the fires came always in the daytime and where you could

¹ The word "safe" does not seem to be used in England in this sense, but the Oxford English Dictionary, under "match," recognizes it as current in the United States, and both the Century Dictionary and Webster mention "match-safe." The safe was probably at some little height above the ground to keep it out of the reach of the children.

see them." The same peculiarity, viz., that though mischief is done it is not of a character dangerous to life or limb, recurs over and over again in poltergeist phenomena. Several examples have been cited here in previous articles both of objects flung with violence which missed the human target by a hair's breadth, and of others which were strangely arrested in full career and fell harmless like spent bullets after inflicting a mere tap. With regard to the fires spontaneously breaking out, the case of the Indian poltergeist, referred to above in a footnote, is particularly impressive. Mr. Thangapragasam Pillay was terrified out of his wits at these recurrent excitements, but no damage was done to the fabric of his house. There was always someone at hand to notice and extinguish the fires. Giraldus Cambrensis in the twelfth century, speaking of a Welsh poltergeist, declared that in pelting people with all sorts of unpleasant missiles it only meant to tease them without really doing any hurt.¹ Fifty years later William of Auvergne, Bishop of Paris, speaks as if such cases were not infrequent and makes a similar comment.² So, again, in Queen Elizabeth's time we read in Reginald Scot's "Discoverie of Witchcraft" that "they [the spirits] throwe downe stones upon men, but the blowes therof doo no harme to them whome they hit."

The other circumstance which seems strikingly in accord with what has been noticed in poltergeist disturbances where a variety of small objects are thrown, is the curious statement of Mr. Smart that when the matches were falling he could never detect the manner of their departure from the "safe" and could not see them at all until they were within a few inches of the floor. Many parallels might be quoted for this apparent dematerialization during flight, but I must content myself with referring to a case of which an account was sent me a few years ago by a Jesuit Father in Presburg, Czechoslovakia. My informant, quite obviously, knew nothing about poltergeist phenomena, but in giving a description of the incident which had occasioned much talk in the neighbourhood, he told me how two lads were pelted all along the road with a shower of small stones which did not even cease when they sought refuge in a wayside tavern. I may

¹ See Giraldus, "Itinerarium Kambriae" (Rolls Series), pp. 93-94.

² He ascribes these assaults, of course, to diabolical agency, but he says that the demons "hujusmodi jactibus homines vel rarissime vel nunquam laedunt." *Opera*, Vol. I, p. 1062.

add that there were other more violent phenomena which occurred later, but the interesting point for the moment is that the stones could not be seen until they were about a foot away and did not strike the boys with any great violence. As my correspondent knew no English and I am ignorant of Czech, he wrote in Latin. His actual words were "imber lapidum incipit cadere qui solum in distantia 30 cm. erant visibiles et non habebant ictum gravem." As stated above, many similar instances might be quoted for which I have here no room. For the present it may suffice to note that neither Mr. Smart nor Father Sichta betray any previous acquaintance with poltergeist phenomena, and that, though their accounts are in accord, Presburg is a very long way from the Province of Quebec.

HERBERT THURSTON.

The Supreme Giver

WHO but One could do such things?
 Make a world that rhythmic swings
 Round and round a quenchless flame,
 Hung on naught in the sky's frame,

While a trillion silver eyes
 Whirl within immensities
 On those shoreless seas of night
 For this pin-point earth's delight.

Then dare come upon our earth,
 Have as babe a human birth,
 Stretch His arms in agony
 On a Hill called Calvary;

Then live through the centuries,
 Hid beneath Bread's white disguise. . .
 Lover, finite bounds above,
 Thou hast given all for love.

CHARLES J. QUIRK.

CHRISTIANITY OR COLLAPSE

REFLECTIONS ON THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

"Unless the Lord guard the City, in vain watcheth the warder thereof."—
Ps. 126, 1.

A SURVEY of the world at large at the opening of the year provides many striking illustrations of the truth of the Psalmist's dictum. Man is everywhere trying—and trying in vain—to do without God. The ancient Empires lacked the divine support and finally perished of their own corruption. The leaven of Christianity introduced a new vitality into the world, calculated to resist that process so long as it was allowed to work. Christian revelation reinforced the natural virtues of justice, prudence, courage and the rest, and supplied all their defects by the supernatural strength of charity. The City of God on earth gave permanence to all States which adopted and followed its principles. But now many nations have wholly discarded Christian principles of government and have substituted for the control of justice and charity in their mutual relations the stimulus of narrow (sometimes called "enlightened") self-interest. The result resembles what happens at a crowded street-crossing when traffic control is in abeyance. Common interests are lost sight of in the feverish pursuit of particular gains—and both are jeopardized. The nations long for peace, but find themselves preparing for war; they seek prosperity, but find only economic confusion. The moral check of Christian public opinion upon national passions has grown ineffective, and a fierce indiscriminate scramble for the limited goods of this world has begun.

Why is it that States, which refuse to listen to divine counsel, take so little heed of human wisdom as well? Every one of them knows that war and the menace of war are directly opposed to human welfare, yet the relatively small number of them, whose concurrence would abolish this evil for ever, prefer to be free to push their own smaller concerns rather than secure this immense common boon. All business men realize that, economically, the world is an absolute whole, and that the poverty, as well as the over-prosperity, of one part ultimately injures the rest, yet on all sides there are artificial tariff-barriers checking the healthy circulation of

trade. The universal recognition of the prosperity that would follow the substitution of co-operation for strife, whether in the political or in the commercial field, prompted both the Disarmament Conference of 1932 and the World Economic Conference of 1933. The record of the hopes expressed in the introductory speeches of those historic gatherings makes melancholy reading to-day—their objects were so clearly stated, their successful issue so ardently desired, the consequences of their failure so perfectly understood—yet both were wrecked on the rock of national selfishness and unwillingness to make any real sacrifice, even for the superabundant advantages that were sought for. There was no common principle strong enough to keep in check the narrow egotisms of the participants or to banish their envy and mistrust of one another. They met, not as members of the one human family, each as anxious for the welfare of the others as for his own, but as political or business rivals, each trying to drive as hard a bargain with the rest as he could. The Lord had no hand in the structures they were trying to erect, and so the builders laboured, emphatically, in vain.

The international anarchy, consequent on the collapse of these two attempts to establish international order, has not belied expectations. It is great and growing. It is true that the League of Nations still survives, and is at the moment desperately striving to maintain the ideal of peace and prosperity through general co-operation, but only four of the seven Great Powers even belong to it, and only two of those four, on whom at the moment its effective working depends, show any real concern about it. Russia's adhesion cannot be considered an asset. The United States gives it occasional, informal and qualified support. Japan has no use for it. Germany regards it as a hindrance to her development, and Italy is in open rebellion against its control. France, its oldest, and once its staunchest, friend, has been trying to make it serve her particular policies without fatally impairing its strength—an equivocal and perilous experiment—whilst the British Commonwealth, whilst officially regarding it as the keystone of its foreign dealings, has to contend with loud-mouthed moneyed-interests and militarists at home, banded together to destroy it. On the other hand, the smaller Powers, nearly fifty in number, cling to an institution which gives them some protection against bullying by the greater, and admits them to a certain voice in world affairs. The League is

the only existing organ of world-opinion, and States whose armaments are inconsiderable depend largely on world-opinion for protection of their rights, and on the League for ventilation of their wrongs. The support of so large a number of nominally independent States, whose real independence is bound up with the existence of the League, gives it a certain measure of stability.

But that external support does nothing to remedy the inherent weakness of the League which arises, to put it shortly, from its godlessness. It is trying to do a work which requires for its success a sincere recognition of the limits placed by the law of God on national pride and national acquisitiveness, and a sincere purpose to observe those limits. No State has a right to aim at world-domination; no State has a right to use any other national entity primarily as a means to its own profit; no State has a right to seek national advantages which would mean genuine harm to others; it is questionable whether any State, in this crowded earth, may assert exclusive rights in any territory which it has no reasonable prospect of developing adequately by itself. All these restrictions, and others similar, arise from the fact of world-solidarity or common human dependence on God the Creator: they resemble in source and validity those which life in society imposes on the individual. They are derived from the natural law, and so affect all men, whether Christians or not. Yet all through history they have been perpetually ignored in international relations; and from their non-observance, from the injustice involved in their violation, wars innumerable have sprung, culminating in the world-wide Greatest. At its close, determined to prevent its recurrence, following, indeed, the counsel of Christ's Vicar, the victors framed their League of national co-operation which for effectiveness needed the utmost goodwill, but, alas! they made it an integral part of a vindictive Peace Treaty that destroyed every chance of its reaching its due development. There is no need to repeat what has become more and more patent as the years go by—that the failure to profit by the lessons of the Great War must be put down to the harsh, revengeful and often unjust peace-conditions forced upon the defeated enemy. And so, League or no League, everything is shaping towards a repetition, on a more extensive scale, of the catastrophe of 1914, and all that the frightened Governments can do is to exhort their citizens to construct gas-proof and bomb-proof shelters! This is the result of ignoring those Christian principles of justice and

charity from which our civilization originally sprang. The Allies had intelligence enough to construct a fine piece of peace-machinery, but they had not enough Christian charity to provide it with motive-power. They endeavoured to establish a new world-order, based on mutual regard and co-operation, whilst still retaining the old nationalistic spirit; and they have necessarily and naturally failed.

They failed because of their lack of a common standard of moral conduct, not to be found fixed and clear, save in the principles of Christianity. Some of them do not believe in a moral law at all; some think that it is variable and can be set aside in the supposed interests of the State; some hold that in some way it affects only the individual, not the community; few, and those the weaker, regard it as the proper rule of international conduct. Consequently, in spite of all the fine appeals to justice, to the sanctity of treaties, to mutual trust and confidence, that abound in international agreements, the real spirit ruling the intercourse of States is still essentially nationalistic. Reason shows them clearly enough that a new order must be really collective, but reason does not give them strength to change over from rivalry to co-operation. Reason shows that imperialism, the desire to dominate, the identification of Might with Right, is wholly wrong in itself, but reason alone has never checked a strong nation from finding pretexts for subordinating other nations to its own will and interest. And to-day in the crowded arena of Europe, two strong nations have set out to become empires: so completely have *they* missed the moral of the Great War; so ready are they to revert to the old pagan abomination of the Absolute State. The attitude of the League of Nations towards Italy at the moment becomes more intelligible when one realizes that it is, instinctively as it were, resisting a polity which, once successful, would destroy it. It is because Totalitarianism not only invades the primary liberties of its own subjects, but maintains that its particular objects and ambitions are never to be circumscribed by the common interest, that it is condemned both by reason and Christian morality. Yet because the League has to rest on reason alone, and cannot appeal to higher principles, it can only with difficulty vindicate human solidarity. And it may presently fail. It cannot build, it cannot protect itself, without the help of God.

Accordingly, in its manifest secularism which reflects the mind of its most powerful members, the League carries within itself the seeds of its own disruption. It can only hold to-

gether if a higher ideal than nationalism, viz., the Brotherhood of Man, is the genuine aim of its members. In his brilliant eschatological romance—"The Lord of the World," still well worth reading although nearly thirty years old—Mgr. Benson conceived a world reduced to marvellous order and prosperity under the sway of Antichrist by means of merely natural motives and sanctions, a world in which man, by *rejecting* God and His justice, finds "all these things added unto him." The picture, sketched with admirable skill, has yet no support in human history, past and present. The worship of Humanity cannot raise man above his own animal level. Consequently, unless by some means or other the League can be Christianized, it will ultimately perish as other human things perish, for lack of a soul. Now in any concerted group of human beings it seems unfortunately true that the level of morality reached cannot transcend that of the least moral. The Versailles Peace Conference, presided over by a cynical agnostic, did not dare to invoke the name of God. A survey of the Governments, influential members of the League, lends us little to assure us. The peoples, it is true, are better than their Governments, which, in many States, have acquired and maintain power by mere force, but it is the Governments, unhappily, which constitute the League. Which of the Great Powers, in or out of that body, could be trusted to make any real sacrifice, in a spirit of Christian charity, to further the cause of world peace? The ultimate cause of social unrest is the maldistribution of material goods; the Have-nots are inevitably arrayed against the Haves. It is becoming clear that a like grievance on the part of several of the Great Powers is the chief hindrance to world peace. The Christian solution in both cases is the same—abandon harmful monopolies: treat wealth as a trust; share superfluities at least with the needy; let all have reasonable access to the means of humane living; give and it shall be given unto you. Yet—to put it bluntly—would the French or English people support their Governments if these latter were to offer to admit Germany and Italy to a real share in the control of their vast foreign dependencies? And if they accompanied their proposal by a frank acknowledgment that many of these dependencies had originally been acquired by wrong or dubious methods which they now repudiate and deplore? The present trouble with Italy would thus be ended; the future trouble with Germany would thus be prevented; by this infusion of real Christian charity the League would be immensely

strengthened and the task of civilizing the backward races of the world made easier and shorter; but what chance has such a generous, far-sighted, yet beneficial policy of approving itself to the politicians and to the people they represent, until these latter return to Christianity, helped by those who are 100 per cent Christian?

That matter has been explored more fully in a recent issue of this periodical¹; now we need only note, as an indication of their immersion in secularism, how feeble has been the reaction in France and England—the surviving European democracies—to any attack on Christianity, however violent. Ever since, after the late conflict, Antichrist raised his head in Russia and declared open war upon religion, he has found thousands of sympathizers in this country. Because he proposed the Dictatorship of the Proletariat—the substitution of one tyranny for another—our Labour Party, to the discredit of their reason as well as of their faith, flung themselves into his arms: they have since been partly disillusioned, but they are still disposed to ignore or condone the worst Soviet outrages against religion and humanity because they still pathetically believe that, in the end, the lot of the worker will be improved by means of the Russian “experiment.” Not only so, but the educated classes amongst us as represented by the Conservative Party have been strangely timid and submissive in the face of political aggression on the part of the Soviets, and strangely ready to overlook their crimes for the sake of some commercial advantage. And our “intelligentzia”—the more stupid of them—have, of course, enrolled themselves as “Friends of Russia.” When, last year, this ruthless handful of inhuman tyrants, stained with a million political murders and inspired by a hatred of God which not even the French Terror could rival, condescended to apply for membership of the League and were admitted, on September 19, 1934, because it was thought that they could do less harm within than without, only three small Powers, Switzerland, Holland and Portugal—all honour to them—had Christianity enough to protest. The speech of M. Motta,² the Swiss Delegate, was a noble defence of those religious and humane ideals at which the League should always aim, but which the Soviets have consistently flouted. Their admission must needs have

¹ See “White against Black in Africa,” by the Archbishop of Westminster; also “The Price of Peace,” by the Editor, *THE MONTH* for October, 1935. It has also been urged as regards Africa, by Sir Evelyn Wrench, Editor of *The Spectator*, and a man of great experience, in a recent striking letter to *The Times*, December 20th.

² Printed in full in *The Tablet*, September 29, 1934.

reduced the League's spiritual vitality almost to zero. As for France, her preoccupation with military security has led her into closer relations with the declared enemy of God than any other Power has ventured on, and in any case, the emphatically secular character of her Government would preclude any concern on her part about the fortunes of Christianity anywhere. When the Assembly was debating in September the rights and wrongs of the Italo-Abyssinian dispute, Mr. de Valera, reacting to the cynicism around him, pleaded, in a striking speech, for the application of the high principles which the League originally professed, and went on to suggest the convening of a Peace Conference now rather than after "the next war," so as to remove betimes the causes of conflict. He said—

Why cannot we in a spirit of justice deal with wrongs when we perceive them? . . . Must we wait until the wronged has risen in arms of revolt before we grant him the redress to which we know he is entitled? Why, if the problems are economic and it is the fear of withholding essential raw materials that is causing alarm, why cannot these questions and their relation to colonial possessions be discussed *now*? . . . Why cannot a Conference be convened now when calm reason might have a chance to bring the nations into friendly co-operation and a lasting association of mutual help?

Calm reason, indeed, would have suggested that the League should concern itself with the future as well as with the present, should regard as its main task the discussion of ways and means of bringing the Peace Treaties more into accord with equity, and not be always preoccupied with maintaining a *status quo* which effectually prevents the return of peace to Europe.

Let us admit that the League is at present exhibiting some regard for the Christian principle of the sanctity of the pledged word. On that issue, with practical unanimity, it arraigned Italy as the aggressor in the African war, by adopting, on October 10th last, the Report of its Council. But, after that effort, its Christian principle, so to speak ran out. Assuming the justice of that verdict, the policy of sanctions follows logically, even apart from the procedure so minutely prescribed by Article XVI. Voluntarily to help an unjust aggressor with the means of continuing his injustice is, by all the laws of Christian morality, to share in his crime. The difficulty of

stopping or diverting the flow of international trade all at once or the probability that such grave material loss would for some reason be ineffective, alone might excuse the other nations from complicity in wrong-doing. If Italy were really considered on Christian grounds to be committing mass-murder, which is what unjust war entails, then the League members should have begun by withholding what is most necessary for that evil purpose. Following its decision, the only moral course open to its members was a complete dissociation from the act condemned, and the only matter left to discuss was how to make that severance of helpful intercourse as speedy and absolute as possible. But, again supposing they were right in their condemnation, they did not make such a complete boycott a matter of conscience, but treated it rather as a matter of expediency, and so caused their action to be all the more bitterly resented by the nation affected.

One last piece of supposed evidence that the League is un-Christian may be briefly examined. It is commonly asserted by those who distrust it, or who dislike its decision in the present crisis, that it is dominated by Masonic and anti-Christian influences. This is a charge which is more easily made than proved, and, certainly, its lack of practical Christianity lays the League open to it. But Catholics acquainted with the inner workings of Geneva have assured me that it is, in the main, unfounded. Naturally the Freemasonry which has long been so powerful in France would be glad to manipulate for its own purposes this powerful international instrument, and no doubt it tries. But the charge suggests that what Antichristians can attempt, Christians also may attempt. There are enough Christians, like Messrs. Motta, de Valera and others, amongst League members to prevent it being made a support for irreligion. And if Catholics in every nation would set their faces against governmental policies which savour of imperialism, national arrogance and "isolationism," enough Christianity might filter gradually into the League's policy as would ultimately make it a support for Christian international dealing, or preserve it at least from the decay that must otherwise overtake it. It may in the end have to confine itself to the Old World, indeed to Europe and Christianized Africa, leaving the New in charge of the Pan-American Union, but unless it acknowledges and stands for the consistent application of the moral law, helped thereto by the support and inspiration of the City of God, it seems doomed to increasing futility and final extinction.

JOSEPH KEATING.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE THREE KINGS, AT COLOGNE AND ELSEWHERE.

IT is strange to think that to the great majority of people who visit Cologne Cathedral during the tourist season, the great shrine of the Magi is merely one of the "sights" of the Cathedral Treasury, and, to a select minority, merely the most perfect medieval specimen of the goldsmith's art.

On January 6th, however, the grille at the back of the altar in the north transept is raised and the shrine is exposed for the veneration of the faithful, part of the gable portion of the miniature basilica being removed to reveal the three skulls, each with its diadem of gold and the inscription below: Gaspar, Melchior, Balthasar.

The Napoleonic wars were chiefly responsible for the waning of a devotion hallowed by the observance of centuries. Before the French troops invaded the Rhineland in 1806 the clergy of the Cathedral were able to deposit their chief treasure, the Shrine, in safe-keeping at Münster. After many vicissitudes, it eventually returned to Cologne, minus certain embellishments, but what could not be restored was the old pilgrimage spirit of the days of faith which had caused Cologne to be styled the "German Rome," though the three crowns in the city's coat of arms still testify to its past glory.

Legend says that the Relics were brought from the Orient by the Empress Helena and that for eight hundred years they reposed in a Roman sarcophagus in the Church of San Eustorgio at Milan. After the siege of Milan by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, they passed into the possession of his Chancellor, the Archbishop of Cologne, in return, it is said, for the latter's intervention on behalf of the mayor of the city who had been doomed to die.

On June 10, 1164, the Archbishop started on his perilous journey across the Alps to Cologne. On June 12th he wrote from Vercelli to the Provost of his Cathedral, asking his prayers and those of the faithful for his safe return and bidding them prepare a right noble welcome for the gifts he was bringing with him. Augustinian Canons formed the guard of honour for the Relics on their long journey via Turin, Mt. Cenis and Burgundy to the Rhine, and at Remagen, half-way between Coblenz and Bonn, they were met in procession by the Dean of the Cathedral Chapter.

The procession carrying the shrine of the Magi entered Cologne by the highway where the *Dreikönigspfortchen* now stands, close to St. Maria im Capitol, that ancient sanctuary where the German

Emperors once paid their leal homage to Our Lady. July 22nd, the Feast of the Translation of the Relics, is still celebrated, no less than that of the Epiphany, with a solemn Octave at Cologne. It is interesting to note in this connexion that the duchy of Westphalia was handed over to the Three Kings by the Emperor as their crown-lands and remained part of the diocese of Cologne down to the time of the last Archbishop-Elector, Max Franz.

Cologne's Golden Age may be said to date from that memorable day in 1164 when the Three Kings made their triumphal entry of the city. It became the great pilgrimage-centre of the North, and when the old Cathedral, like so many another timber-roofed basilica, fell a prey to the flames, plans had long been under way for the construction of a building vast enough to accommodate the great crowds of pilgrims that poured day after day in a never-ending tide through the city gates from every highroad in Europe. The choir of the new Cathedral, the first Gothic structure to be erected on the banks of the Rhine, was consecrated in 1322, and on the same day, the Relics, enclosed in the magnificent shrine of Master Nicholas of Verdun, were assigned to the custody of the Dean and Chapter and exposed for veneration.

The royal dignity of the Magi, based probably on the words of the seventy-first Psalm—"Reges Tharsis et insulæ munera offerent," etc.—which German lore has stressed rather than their wisdom, was first indicated in sacred art by a fresco in the Catacombs which shows each one crowned with a kind of tiara. They appear leading one of the four great corteges in San Apollinare at Ravenna, and from the tenth century onward, increasing stress is laid on their power and splendour, culminating in those strange winding processions of pomp and circumstance beloved of Fabriano Gentile and Luini.

But the most famous Adoration of them all is the great *Dombild* of Stephan Lochner, painted in the fifteenth century for the Chapel of Cologne Town Hall. In front of it Mass was said before every weighty meeting of the City Fathers down to the occupation of Cologne by the French troops. It passed into the possession of the Cathedral in 1810.

To have recaptured for literature something of the vividness, naïveté and robust piety of the Christmas scenes, depicted by the old Flemish painters, is a genuine achievement in this sophisticated age. The fact that Felix Timmermans, the great Flemish author, is an artist as well as a writer, goes far to explain that colourful, graphic art which is peculiarly his own. In "The Child Jesus in Flanders," the incidents of Our Lord's infancy are depicted with the ingenuous art of a Memling against the background of the writer's own little town of Lierre and the country around. In his autobiography, Timmermans relates how he borrowed the method from his father, who, in order to make the New Testament stories more realistic to his children gave them as their setting his own

native Flanders. In his "Triptych of the Three Kings," Timmermans touches upon some of the lovely old traditions of his people, how in the Holy Night the sheep turn their heads towards the East, how the bees fill the stillness of the frosty air with their humming, and how you can see the light of heaven gleaming in the depths of the waters. Also that on every Christmas night God is born again—"but where—no one knows . . . He comes but for one night."

E. CODD.

CHINESE ART IN LONDON.

WHILE East remains imperturbably East, and West is still the unchanging West of conflicting aims and tangled purposes, it is, at last, apparently, possible to modify the dictum that "never the twain shall meet"; for the mere fact of the coming into existence of such a display as the present Exhibition of Chinese Art in London, presupposes a *rapprochement*, in more ways than one, between civilizations of widely differing aspect and origin.

This is, surely, a colossus amongst exhibitions and cannot possibly be disposed of in a few hundred words of even the most highly-concentrated descriptive analysis; a very brief survey is all that we can manage here.

There is something awe-inspiring in the thought that this tremendous wave of beauty, breaking on our shores, in our darkest season, is but an indication, as it were, of the achievements of artistic endeavour, during more than thirty-five centuries.

Any exhibition of the art of any country is, of course, in the same sense, only a sign-post. But here the material is so varied, the level of attainment so lofty, and the sources of inspiration are so ancient, that we feel almost at a loss to thread a way through the familiar galleries in which such unimagined treasures are stored.

They confront us, however, in an admirable order (anti-clockwise, in Chinese fashion) which speaks of an herculean task—in classifying, arranging and cataloguing nearly four thousand works of art—triumphantly performed.

The problem lies, rather, in the fact that at every turn "some shape of beauty" distracts us with its contours, its colour, or its charm, so that we cannot proceed without frequent cross-journeys and retracings of our path, the more fully to enjoy the elusive grace of a painting, or the incredible skill of some symmetrical design; at one point, the rich texture of silks or carpets, the pearly lustre of porcelain, attract us; at another, the fluent lines of a vase or cup appealing to the sense of touch, as surely as the manifold landscape and flower drawings or paintings demand the brain's homage through the eye.

Whatever course we take, we may range at will amid the garnered wealth of the culture of the ages; passing from the grand

bronzes of the earliest (Shang Yin) dynasty (? 1766—1122 B.C.); the still richer bronzes and perfectly-designed jade implements of the Chou (1122—249 B.C.); the superb and massive, yet often humorously-conceived Han carvings and animal ornaments (206 B.C.—220 A.D.);—to the examples of the art of the wonderful T'ang period. Here we shall certainly pause to examine the delightful collection of pottery "burial" figures, than which no more natural and amusing "impressions" of man or beast can ever have been designed and carried out.

Horses, most mettlesome, or duly tamed to bear man's burdens; friendly puppies—cheering companions, these, to pagan thought, on "the dark journey to the unknown bourne"; the white ox, a lordly creature, though fitted to bear the yoke; oddly lovable dragons and lions; and ducks of captivating quaintness—all these, and others of their kind are represented. They cannot rank amongst the highest forms of art, or compare with the many masterpieces produced under the T'ang dynasty, but they have their own definite value and co-relation to the general scheme, and their own inherent timeless appeal. Each visitor to the Exhibition will find for himself a gallery, a case, or a group, round which his fancy will, perhaps disproportionately, linger, and judging from the major gathering to be seen, at any time, in the Lecture Room—these marvellous potteries, with their delicate glaze of blue or green, and splashings of amber and brown—or glazed, it may be, in a blend of several hues—supply the "touch of nature" that makes the whole world kin.

If we now resume our course, the Sung dynasty (960—1279 A.D.) will next claim our attention, as well it may: since, while Norman William was busy with the conquest of our islands, the exponents of painting and porcelain-designing were reaching the height of their achievements in China.

The Yuan period (1280—1368) which saw the falling-off in inspiration of the Buddhistic sculpture—and the Ming dynasty (1368—1644 A.D.) representing the high cultural level still maintained after the passing of several centuries of superlatively rare achievement—carry us onward towards the time of the decadence, in which it is possible to recognize the traces of a commercialization, and a pandering to alien taste, which resulted in the inevitable decline of Chinese art from the lofty perfection of its prime.

But, between the early period and the late, there lies the whole range of the art of a vast empire.

In sculpture, bronzes, paintings; in jade and pottery; in lacquer, porcelain and textiles; enamels and calligraphy; by all these mediums the artistic genius of the Chinese has found expression, and the flower of that expression is represented here.

Frank, lucid and nature-loving, at its inception, and with continual traces of a child-like gaiety and spontaneity—the final development of the art of China (through whatever phases, fierce and

fantastic, or cruelly sinister, the soul of the nation was destined to pass) at the attainment of its splendid apex, is "all of a piece" with the products of its early strivings; for certain essential qualities are recognizable, as we may note for ourselves by following their fine record unrolled before us; and even in that art's decline, the ancient spirit has not wholly left its dwelling-place.

In the smallest drawing or article of adornment, just as in the gorgeous twelve-fold Coramandel screen, the superbly dignified Imperial throne, or in the largest of the paintings, *e.g.*, the scroll picture running the length of a wall in one gallery, entitled "A Myriad Miles of the Yangtse River," and typifying the progress of art, or of life itself, by its grave, harmonious lines and its quasi-symphonic growth and expansion—in all there is some vital quality or emanation of character.

The little album-painting, for instance, done in ink on silk, and attributed to Lin Ts'ai, an artist of the Sung period; it is called "Three Fish," and the title is entirely comprehensive, for the "picture" shows no more than the three curving lines of their darting bodies. But what grace, and what economy of effect is in these lines!

One last word, out of innumerable that might be said, must be devoted to noticing the paintings of the Jesuit Father, Giuseppe Castiglione, who, early in the eighteenth century, living and working in the midst of a heathen people, was known by a Chinese name, Lang Chih-Ning, and made it illustrious by the achievements of his beautiful and sensitive art. Two paintings, here exhibited, a "Landscape" on silk, and a flower-painting "Peonies in a Vase"—show not only his mastery of the Chinese style, but an additional originality and finesse, which provide an explanation—if one were needed—for the popularity of Lang Chih-Ning in the land of his adoption.

Much remains for consideration, but here we reach the limits of our space; there may, however, be further opportunities of returning to a subject which no magazine article can exhaust.

M. V. G.

EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps (or Post Office coupons from abroad) alone will not suffice. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,500 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in the "Month," if accepted. As a general rule, subjects dealing with the exposition of theology and ethics are reserved to the staff.

THE ALSACE QUESTION.

BECAUSE centralization and uniformity make for ease and efficiency of Government, there is a tendency in every State, and a settled programme in the Absolute type, to do away with all "provincial" differences, language, administration and custom. The Nazis are trying to dragoon the beautifully-diversified Germany into one dull pattern, the Italians war against the language of their Tyrolese minority, and even democratic France, spurred, in this case, by anti-Catholicism, is endeavouring to make the recovered Provinces of Alsace and Lorraine one in language, education and culture with herself. A recent stay in Alsace has been a revelation to me of the resulting problem which is not noticed in our Press. For France it is important, because it adds another to the many divisions which harass the country; but for Catholics especially it is of the greatest moment, because it illustrates once more how ill-assorted are the claims of the modern secular State with the religious rights of its citizens.

On the restoration of Alsace to France after the War, the Government, in spite of its promise to respect the religious liberties of its restored dominions, wished straightway to make them just like any other departments, as if they had been alike before and as if no further changes had happened during the separation. But the people of Alsace, though glad to quit German overlordship, refused to sacrifice the benefits which nearly fifty years of freedom from anti-Catholic administration had made traditional. During this period Alsace had inevitably profited by the comparatively enlightened rule of the Reich, anxious to conciliate its new subjects, and had made considerable progress. Constituted one of the twenty-five States of the Empire, with representatives in the Reich, it used its measure of autonomy to develop its own culture and establish its own interests. To descend to a lower status, even for the privilege of becoming French once more, was repugnant to popular sentiment: a fact which French officials have failed to understand, and which the nationalistic Paris Press refuses to acknowledge. The Alsaciens are denounced as germanophiles, disloyal or unworthy Frenchmen, priest-ridden malcontents; all of which accusations are false and unjust. Meantime, as the misunderstanding continues, the ill-feeling intensifies.

The religious question is the most prominent of the difficulties met with in the application of the French thesis. Alsace is a deeply religious country. The people are either Catholic, Protestant or Jews. Even Socialists and Communists send their children to denominational schools, and those Catholics who do not attend Mass regularly, at least perform their Easter duties. Hence the Alsaciens are, as a whole, opposed to the *école laïque* of France, and to the separation of Church and State. These dechristianizing

measures were, it will be remembered, introduced into France early in this century when Alsace belonged to Germany. And even then this lost province, which had ever remained French in sympathy, provided against the introduction of this anti-Christianity in the event—never doubted—of a return to France. It was, as it still is, determined to keep the charter of its religious freedom (the Concordat) and its "confessional" schools, whereby the integrity of its religious convictions is assured. Both at the beginning of the War and after the Armistice, French ministers and politicians realized this. In December, 1914, Joffre officially promised that the customs, local traditions, religious beliefs and economic interests of Alsace would be respected. The same promise was renewed by General Gouraud on November 22, 1918, when the French troops entered Strasbourg. Outwardly, though not without much friction, these promises have been kept so far, but—and here is the trouble—they have not yet been embodied in a permanent statute; there is the constant menace of the French lay laws being extended to Alsace, more especially whenever the Socialists come into real power. Nor is this a remote possibility, as both Frenchmen and Alsaciens assure me. Since the Cartel of 1924 the situation is increasingly ominous. The people are, therefore, urging a sincere fulfilment of promises made, and demand that a statutory law be passed, guaranteeing that the religious and educational legislation of France will never be introduced into Alsace without the matter being first referred to those concerned. Such a law would ensure their security under deputies of any creed. But the French Government has not only refused to satisfy their request, but has adopted the policy of appointing Freemasons and similar anti-clericals to official posts in Alsace, thus trying to undermine the Catholic position.

The language problem presents another matter of discord. The mother-tongue of the present generation of Alsaciens is neither French nor German, but a dialect something akin to German. France, we must own, naturally enough, wants to see a more general and speedy adoption of French as the common language, but unless the people wish it, the suppression of their tongue would be unjust and, so long as other dialects, such as Provençal, Basque and Catalan are preserved in the South, most unreasonable. The process, in any case, should be a natural growth: the school-children are already bilingual, and no doubt, as they grow up, they will find it more profitable to speak the tongue of their fellow-citizens. The French officials, however, are not content to wait; they are gradually and unfairly inserting in the schools "*Français de l'Intérieur*" (as Alsaciens distinguish Frenchmen from themselves) who are ignorant of, and disdain, the Alsace dialect. This is causing considerable antagonism, because not only are Alsaciens being thus excluded from the teaching profession, but parents

are asked to allow their children to be taught in what is still a foreign language.

These and other difficulties have brought about in Alsace a movement for autonomy such as they had previously enjoyed, which is very strong. Such a regime is as strongly opposed by the central Government, which argues that the desire of it might extend to other regions, such as Brittany or Provence. But Alsace can claim to be unique in this regard. No other province is in the same peculiar position as this Rhine province, situated between two cultures and enriched by elements from both. And, again, autonomy, even in the eyes of its firmest adherents, does not mean separatism. Alsace has always been French, in action, thought and sympathy, even during the period of German possession. A striking proof of this is that in 1914, 20,000 Alsaciens joined the French army, and those whom the Germans did coerce into their own ranks had to be sent to the Russian front lest they should go over to the French at the first opportunity.

The more impartial writers whom I have read on the subject, and a number of educated Alsaciens with whom I have talked, attribute all this ill-feeling and dissatisfaction to a mutual and culpable misunderstanding. The mistrust of certain leaders in Alsace of the Government aims is well-founded but needlessly exaggerated. Frenchmen, on the other hand, unjustly suspect the loyalty of Alsaciens, and persist in demanding complete assimilation without due regard to the different moral, intellectual and psychological formation of the Rhinoids. The *malaise* can only be dispelled by a change of mind on both sides, and especially on the French side, which is based on anti-clericalism; they should try to realize the simple truth, abundantly verified in the War, that the better the Catholic the better the citizen.

F.S.

"THE MONTH" AND THE MISSION FIELD.

The response to our appeal in our last issue for names of those who would be willing to forward their copy of "The Month" to a missionary priest, was very encouraging (several readers also providing most generously "Month" subscriptions for priests in the more remote parts of the Mission Field) and calls for our warmest thanks. However, there are still a number of missionaries unprovided for, and we feel sure that other kind readers will feel inspired to help them, and thus give pleasure to the Captain whom these "men in the trenches" so heroically serve.

All communications to The Hon. Secretary, "The Month" Forwarding Scheme, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Please write name and address in block capitals. No "Months" to be sent to this Office.

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

- AMERICA: Dec. 7, 1935. **The Year's Significant Books**, by G. B. Donnelly, S.J. [A Classified List of some 230 books of special interest to Catholics.]
- BLACKFRIARS: Dec., 1935. **The Ignatian Inspiration of Gerard Hopkins**, by Christopher Devlin, S.J. [Showing how thoroughly the Poet had mastered and expressed the all-round spirituality of the Saint.]
- CATHOLIC HERALD: Nov. 29, Dec. 6 and 13, 1935. **More About Amateur Weight-Throwing**, by Arnold Lunn. [Articles illustrating the irrational dogmatism of certain scientists, and diagnosing causes.]
- CATHOLIC TIMES: Dec. 13, 1935. **"Render unto Cæsar. . ."** by Father Drinkwater. [Vindicates for the State the sole power of "creating" the medium of exchange.]
- COLOSSEUM: Dec., 1935. **My Conversion**, by Paul Claudel. [Incidentally, a sad revelation of contemporary French irreligion.]
- ETUDES: Nov. 5, 1935. **Eglises Americaines face à la Crise**, by Joseph Bonsirven. [An appreciative commentary on the efforts in U.S.A. to unite Jews and Christians to oppose organized atheism and unbelief.]
- HOMILETIC AND PASTORAL REVIEW: Dec., 1935. **A United Front**, by K. J. Hennrich. [A summary of the astonishing number of Papal documents recommending and defining Catholic Action.]
- MODERN SCHOOLMAN: Nov., 1935. **The Philosophy behind the New Deal**, by B. W. Dempsey. [A close analysis of Roosevelt's reforms, showing them in the main good in aim but faulty in method.]
- PRESERVATION OF THE FAITH: Dec., 1935. **Catholic Extremism**, by Paul H. Furfey. [A searching examination of the principles of those Catholics who allow themselves "to be conformed to this world."]
- SIGN: Dec., 1935. **The Mexican Drama**, by Frederick V. Williams. [Sketches the weakness, internal and foreign, of the Communist President and persecutor, Cardenas.]
- STUDIES: Dec., 1935. **Colonial Policy and European Peace**, by Michael Tierney. [Stresses the fact that Collective Trusteeship for backward races is the only hope for a stable world-peace.]
- TABLET: Nov. 30, 1935. **The Communist International goes Cultural**. [Propaganda by way of Art: deceives some of the Elect!]
- THOUGHT: Dec., 1935. **The Divine Comedy and the Spiritual Exercises**, by Dominic Cirigliano, S.J. [An inspiring study of the fundamental identity of conception and close parallelism of treatment in those two classics.]
- UNIVERSE: Dec. 13, 1935. **The Church and War**. [Editorial appreciating and recommending Mr. John Eppstein's important treatise—"The Catholic Tradition of the Law of Nations."]

REVIEWS

I—METAPHYSICS IN EXCELSIS¹

IT must have been no easy task to produce an English version of Father Przywara's work, and Doctor Bouquet is to be congratulated upon his courage and enterprise. Father Przywara's thought is profound (he is considered the most important modern Catholic thinker in Germany), his expression succinct, tense and laden with significance. The purpose of the translator, himself an Anglican, is to prove that the contention, advanced by Dr. Czako, that the construction of a philosophy of religion is essentially a Protestant form of activity, is not a fair one. In an appreciation of the author he refers to his "mental richness" and his "grip of the whole field of religious philosophy which seems to enable him to judge where to place every type, to avoid one-sided emphasis, and to view the world of human thought and action with a calmness and freedom from insularity which must excite our envy."

Father Przywara contends that religious philosophy constructed from the point of view of Catholic theology may be regarded as fulfilling a twofold task. The first is indicated by the phrase "religion of philosophy" and consists in setting forth the metaphysical foundations for belief; the second is contained in the expression "philosophy of religion" and endeavours to work out the final structure, within which is housed the Catholic system of cultus, morals and dogma. But the first task can be realized only through the exposition of a general philosophy, the second involves us in actual theology. Therefore, the only possibility that remains is to indicate what is common ground for both, to find an answer for the question: What is the fundamental metaphysical presupposition regarding subject and object and their correlation, which brings together philosophy and theology in the eyes of a Catholic and unites them as organically one?

Before enunciating this general presupposition, he deals with the problem of religion in general. Its point of departure is to be sought in consciousness, the three main activities of which are the root of three types of philosophy of religion. The experience of immanence is characterized by "self-containedness" and God is the "coincidentia oppositorum," the Unity of Opposites, in a system that is largely pantheistic. In the experience of transcendence the note of "opposedness" is emphasized, the link between Deity and the creation is severed and God is the once-and-for-all Founder or

¹ *Polarity: A German Catholic's Interpretation of Religion.* By Father Erich Przywara, S.J. Translated by A. C. Bouquet, D.D. London: Oxford University Press. Pp. 150. Price, 8s. 6d.

Architect of His work. A third form of experience, that of "transcendality" or "striving towards" seeks to mediate between the other two and to find God in the "process" or "ideal" of striving or human endeavour. There are nine sub-types of religious experience, three the pure types of these experiences, the remainder "oscillations" between the type they represent and either of the two other forms. The "transcendality" type which seeks to unite those of "immanence" and "transcendence" fails to do so and only arrives at an "explosive unity." From the point of view of the concrete Ego (that is of the concrete individual) there is a second series of tensions between body and spirit and between society and individual. This double tension is taken in conjunction with the three experiences of consciousness already mentioned, and twelve forms of religious thought and activity are evolved and analysed.

A further problem is that of the existence of religion and is concerned with the question whether religion, as relation between Deity and humanity, comes into being from above downwards, as ultimately "Act of God," or is formed from below upwards, from men, and therefore ultimately as "Act of Man." The alternative is that of "supernaturalism" or "rationalism" but on examination supernaturalism appears to be only camouflaged rationalism, the rationalism of the *passive* human being, in distinction from conventional rationalism which is *active*.

The Catholic basis of religion has its standpoint outside this tangle of problems and yet is at the same time in its midst, reducing the whole tangle to a unity. Instead of the "Entweder-Oder" there is the "Analogia Entis." God is wholly beyond, the creature is revelation of God from above hitherward. The creature is like God, through the possession of a unity of essence and existence, but even in this similarity it is unlike Him, because in Deity the unity of essence and existence is that of identity, whereas in that of creation the unity is one of tension. God, as the pure "Is," is on the one side so inward to the creation that the transient "is" of the creation is only from Him and in Him, and yet on the other side, differentiated from the creation, above it as the pure "Is," for whom relationship to anything which is "becoming" is in any way possible. "God in us and over us" is the synonym of "analogia entis."

With this as a guiding principle the author considers immanence and transcendence in Catholicism and ranges through the whole realm of Catholic piety, mysticism and worship. The sections on Nature and Supernature, and on Grace and Freedom are most illuminating. These difficult problems find their solution on the lines of the "analogia entis."

As truly as Deity can never cease to be Deity and creature creature, so truly every descent of God into the creature, however deep, and every elevation of the creature to God, however

lofty, always and of necessity remains within the limits of the ultimate tension of likeness-unlikeness, which prevails between Deity and creature, and which is the fundamental basis of the "analogia entis." . . . And so the form of the Catholic solution is always the same: not an internal fusion of the antitheses, but the mystery of their tension. The "two unfused as One" of classical Christology is pre-eminently the form of these solutions in general. In the problem of Christ the "two unfused" of the Divine and human nature is seen as "one" in the one Christ; in the problem of the Church the "two unfused," which on the side of God is represented by the invisible Church, and on its human side by the visible Church, is seen as one in the one Church of the "Head and Body One Christ," and finally, in the Grace-Freedom problem, in the rigid sense the "two unfused" is seen as the twofold aspect of the religious life which concerns supernatural divine grace and active human freedom, both united as one in the individual Christian as "Christ in me" and as "I a member of the body of Christ" (pp. 84-5).

In the concluding section of the book he elaborates the historical expressions of this principle and distinguishes six forms of it, from that of the Old and New Testaments, and that of the Greek Fathers to those of Augustine, Thomas, Molina-Suarez and Newman. These are reduced to the two forms, Augustinian and Thomistic. The former affirms God chiefly as "All-in-All" and yet, because God is, so to speak, the essence or summary of the world, it is the type which chiefly affirms the comprehensible nearness of God. The latter asserts the reality of the creature and yet because, in doing so, it recognizes the difference between God and the world, it is also the type which chiefly asserts His incomprehensible aloofness. These two types are then applied to the experiences of the Ego and the tensions of the concrete individual till, at the end, Catholicism emerges as primarily "God all in all"; but, yet, since all that is creaturely is from God, it is also in the human sense "all in all related to God"; and that is the essential meaning of the axiom "no salvation outside the Church."

Father Przywara's work is of extraordinary interest and the 150 pages are more closely packed with thought than many a volume of four or five times its size. It should be invaluable to the serious student of religious interpretation and philosophy. It is perhaps not easy reading. The first thirty pages are the stiffest and anyone who has advanced as far as that will be sure of reading comfortably and with great profit to the end. It is hardly a work for the general public; that is their misfortune rather than the fault of Father Przywara.

J.M.

Cro
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2—THE REDEMPTORISTINES¹

MYSTICS of the very highest order have never been wanting in the Church, and it may be, as our present Holy Father has more than once hinted, that these latter centuries will one day be found to have been more illuminated by saints and mystics than any that have gone before. It has always been in the providence of God that "where sin abounded, grace might more abound," where the spirit of Antichrist was strongest, there it has been opposed by "the weak things and the things that are not"; and our present age, with its multitude of men, women, and children raised already to the honours of the altar, only illustrates the rule. If, since the beginning of the eighteenth century, Europe has become more godless, it is also true to say that it has become more conspicuous for heroic sanctity, and for special favours given to individual souls by the mercy of God.

Such reflections inevitably occur to one who reads the life of the Neapolitan lady, the Venerable Sister Mary Celeste Crostarosa. We have here the story, taken in great part from her own journals, of one who from her childhood seems to have been pursued by the Spirit of God, seeking her for His own. To one who reads with openness of mind, and with simplicity that is willing to learn, there is a ring of truth in all that this Spouse of Christ relates, no matter how extraordinary it may be. Her conversations with Christ in her childhood, His commissions to her as she grew up, her entering Carmel and then the convent of Scala, her "transformation of being into that of Jesus" at Communion, all have about them that character of simple sincerity which is convincing. Moreover, the story is built on sound theology; Sister Mary Celeste seems, as it were, to have experienced in herself the doctrines that theology teaches; incorporation in Christ, the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, membership in the Body of Christ—such things seem conspicuous among the detailed revelations which the servant of God received.

But most of all one's faith in Sister Mary Celeste is confirmed by the absolute reliance placed in her by St. Alphonsus Liguori, and by the wonderful work they accomplished together. One might almost say that what St. Margaret Mary had been to Blessed Claude de la Colombière in the century preceding, that Mary Celeste was to St. Alphonsus. At her instigation, almost driven by her, St. Alphonsus allowed himself to be the founder of the Redemptoristines; again, driven by her, he founded the Redemptorists. The intimacy between the two, as seen in their extant letters, recalls the intimacy between St. Jane Frances de Chantal

¹ *A Great Mystic of the Eighteenth Century: The Ven. Sister Mary Celeste Crostarosa.* By the Very Rev. Fr. Favre, C.S.S.R. Translated by a Redemptoristine of the Convent of Chudleigh. London: Alexander Ouseley. Pp. 284. Price, 10s. 6d.

and St. Francis de Sales; there is the same familiarity of expression, the same mutual trust, the same frankness when they do not agree, the same mutual esteem and love. In the letters of Alphonsus to Mary Celeste one may learn both the faults that may yet go with sanctity, and that genuine love which can yet be selfless, and cannot tolerate shortcoming, whether of humility or detachment or obedience, in the soul that is dearly loved. The quotations from these letters suggest a study that would well repay the undertaking, of the difference between natural and supernatural affection as illustrated in these two saints.

Sister Mary Celeste's life would not have been complete without some great ordeal. Hence, just as we read of St. Alphonsus later, we hear of her expulsion, with some of her Sisters from her Order, of her being reduced to extremest poverty, of curious treatment from the world outside. And yet, as becomes a saint, grace followed her wherever she went. In time she was able to begin her great work again; in time even those who had cast her out became her devoted disciples, though they were never again to be united with the new foundation under the same rule. It is one of those tragic stories, strangely repeated in the lives of the saints; indeed, without them, perhaps they would not have been saints at all. When we come to the end of this interesting story, we feel how close akin is Sister Mary Celeste to her patron, St. Catherine of Siena, to St. Theresa of Avila, to St. Margaret Mary. The many quotations from her writings make one hope that some day they will be published complete. She died in 1755; her body is still incorrupt; in 1901 she was declared Venerable; may the day soon come when she will be raised to the fullest honours that the Church can bestow.

✠ A.G.

3—CHURCH HISTORY¹

FATHER Hughes speaks so modestly of his great enterprise—for a history of the Church is practically a history of the whole Christian world—as a summary Introduction to the more detailed labours of others, that one may readily underestimate the skill and learning, the real research and wide reading, that has gone to its construction. In no branch of historical study may the wood be more easily hidden by the trees, but we are never to that extent lost under Father Hughes's guidance. As the expert's style is achieved by the inelegancies of language which he leaves in

¹ (1) *A History of the Church*. By the Rev. Philip Hughes. London: Sheed & Ward. Vol. II. Pp. xvi, 517. Price, 15s. n. (2) *A History of the Catholic Church*. By Rev. Fernand Mourret, S.S. Translated by Rev. Newton Thompson, S.T.D. Vol. II. London: B. Herder. Pp. xx, 700. Price, 21s. (3) *The Catholic Eastern Churches*. By Donald Attwater. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co. (London: George Coldwell). Pp. xx, 308. Price, 13s.

the ink-pot, so the trained historian knows what to select and stress, as well as what to omit or touch lightly upon, in order to present a true picture of far-off places and times. This second volume roughly comprises the period between St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas—after the Apostles, the chief moulders of Catholic thought—a period which saw the civil separation of East from West and the final disintegration of the Empire under the assaults of Islam, the first great schism that destroyed the unity of Christendom, the sad centuries which we call the Dark Ages, the many attempts to nationalize the Church made by tyrants like Barbarossa, Henry VI and Frederic II, the expulsion of Islam from Eastern Europe and Spain, the providential appearance of St. Dominic and St. Francis, the final ecclesiastical renaissance under Gregory VII—all that “whirling adventure” to which Chesterton compares the progress of the Church. The picture lives under Father Hughes’s skilled pen and makes fascinating contemplation for the Catholic who wants to know something of his spiritual lineage and the nature of the Kingdom of God, of which he is a citizen. Here he can see the creative genius of the Church, working with the most intractable material and, in spite of constant setbacks, establishing the civilization the best of which still endures with herself. Father Hughes forestalls critics by himself pointing out what he has passed over in his summary—“due to the fact that books cannot go on indefinitely”—but few will question his judgment regarding what is retained. As in the previous volume, the bibliographical notes are exhaustive, there is a good index mainly of names—the character-sketches throughout are admirable—whilst very helpful time-charts and maps serve to guide the student through the tangled scene.

The History compiled by Father Fernand Mourret, which the labours of Father Newton Thompson has translated from the French, is on a larger scale than that of Father Hughes, for this second volume, with over 600 pages of text, takes us only to the end of the fifth century, the final disappearance of the Western Empire when the framework within which the Church had developed almost entirely collapsed. We should, therefore, have welcomed from author or translator some indication of the size and plan of the whole work. The present instalment is called the “Period of the Church Fathers,” the two centuries during which, amid the barbarian inroads and alternately helped and hindered by the decaying civil power, deep and holy thinkers in the East and the West were busy elaborating the doctrinal and moral content of the Christian revelation, providing the instrument whereby the pagans from the North were ultimately to be educated in material things as well as in matters of the soul. The author finds that this period readily falls into three: the first ending with the accession of Theodosius in 379, which marked the final defeat of paganism; the second characterized by the close union of Church and Empire,

and the overthrow of the great heresies; the third by the decay of the Empire in the West which gave the Church a rightful measure of independence but unhappily accentuated the ecclesiastical difference between West and East and paved the way for schism. The author makes his narrative centre around the successive great figures of Popes, Emperors, Theologians and Heresiarchs, and finds time to provide general surveys and retrospects. He has evidently acquired a sound and comprehensive view of his vast subject, and manages to present it as a consistent whole. His many notes and lengthy bibliography make the work useful to the student as well as to the general reader. A particular feature is his synopsis of the scope of the chief works associated with each Father, which a most comprehensive index of some seventy pages makes easily accessible.

The late Father Adrian Fortescue who did such valuable work in breaking down the wall of ignorance, not to say prejudice, which prevented many Catholics from realizing the full Catholicity of their faith, and tended to identify the Church with the most widely extended of her many liturgical Rites, has at last found a worthy successor in Mr. Donald Attwater who has set himself in the book under review to supplement and expand Father Fortescue's history of what are conveniently called the Uniat Eastern Churches. He aptly takes as the motto of his work those admirable words of Pope Benedict XV which vindicate so clearly the claims of every other liturgy to be as fully Catholic and as completely one with the Apostolic See as the Latin Church, in the midst of which that See resides, and his whole exposition is conceived in the spirit of that historic declaration; which after all expresses no new policy or outlook on the part of the Vicars of Christ but their traditional attitude, one unfortunately not always reflected by the Latin clergy and faithful at a distance from Rome.

Readers of this most interesting book will have no further excuse for perpetuating such foolish views and conduct. The "Eastern Churches," Orthodox and Catholic, comprising the five chief Rites—Alexandrian, Antiochene, Armenian, Byzantine and Chaldean, with their many local subdivisions—number about 162 million souls of whom over 8 millions are Catholic. When we consider that the Russian Church, which adds 110 million to the former total, has been reduced to impotence by the Soviets, the disparity is not so great. If only misunderstandings, particularly on the Orthodox side could be removed, what a gain to Christendom at large, especially to the divided and persecuted Orthodox, would thereby result. Mr. Attwater has provided a mine of accurate information all tending to bring about that desired consummation. He pleads always for forbearance and toleration, recalling to the narrow-minded that in their Father's House, even on earth, there are "many mansions," wherein the Bride of Christ gives expression, as our Holy Father says, to her "bewitching beauty in the diversity of her

various rites." These varieties would certainly have existed quite apart from schism, as the author shows in his introductory chapter. In that which follows he shows generally how separation increased and standardized the divergence, with the unhappy result of obscuring the Church's Note of Catholicity. Then he proceeds to discuss the great Eastern Rites with their subordinate "uses" in succession, illustrating the text with a number of excellent photographs of functions and functionaries. The present crisis lends additional interest to the chapter on the Ethiopians, who come under the Rite of Alexandria. But there is hardly a page which does not engross the reader's attention, the information provided being so fresh and so well-authenticated. The book ends appropriately with a discussion of the question of reunion—the word is here used correctly—with the dissident Churches of the East, which its own appearance will assuredly do much to promote. Our "Short Notices" contain an account of a French work dealing with the East before the schism which will also help to that mutual understanding.

J.K.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

ABBOT VONIER is a fearless theologian; his matter and his manner are those of one greatly daring. In his latest book, *The Spirit and the Bride* (B.O. & W.: 6s.), he faces the problem of the supposed evil in the Church, and he answers it, for the most part, by a description of the other side, of what in reality the Church is in herself. The Spirit of God, the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, has come into the world as truly as has the Second; more, He has come and stayed, and will abide with His own till the end of time. As the Second Person abides in the Blessed Sacrament, so does the Third Person abide in His Church; and the Abbot finds his delight in describing this Bride, this Mystical Body in whom the Spirit dwells as a living soul, all her inner beauty, all the gifts that have been poured out upon her. One gets the feeling as one reads that the author has enjoyed the writing of this book; it is very clear that he would have his readers rejoice too in the simple fact that they are children of the Church, and so brethren of one another.

The book which Mgr. Sheen has written on *The Mystical Body of Christ* (Sheed & Ward: pp. 404, 7s. 6d.) is somewhat handicapped by being introduced on the wrapper as the author's first "full-length theological work," since it is in reality, like his former popular volumes, only a course of sermons. Accordingly, the exposition throughout is oratorical rather than scientific—no bad thing, of course, for the oratory is stirring and penetrating, but

the student will not find here the erudition he was led to expect. Even in the matter of references, careless proof-reading has led to not a few mistakes. We are puzzled, for instance, by the following sentence on p. 354 "The other sacraments exist because in this sacrament of the Holy Eucharist they love their foundations." The reference is to St. Thomas but is not complete enough for guidance. The statement on p. 176 that, "neither the Vicar of Christ nor the Church are ends in themselves, they are relative entities. They look towards the Church," does not make sense as it stands. If the book had been a set treatise on the subject Mgr. Sheen would have doubtless provided a full and careful discussion of all the implications of the Mystical Body doctrine. Does the Catholic who has lost sanctifying grace belong to the Mystical Body as well as to the Church? Such questions belong to the theology of the subject. However, we have here the old vigour of utterance and apt illustration which make the Monsignor's other books so inspiring.

BIBLICAL.

The **Verbum Salutis** series, so successful in the Gospels and Acts, is now beginning to take in the Epistles of St. Paul, beginning with those of the captivity, which are edited, like some of the preceding volumes, by Père Huby, S.J. (*Saint Paul: les épîtres de la captivité*, Beauchesne: 27.00 fr.). Each Epistle has its introduction and analysis; a chapter or so of translation is then given, followed by a fairly long discussion in continuous French, with foot-notes containing many references and other more technical matter. This double method of commentary has great advantages, because a considerable freedom of exposition for the benefit of the less learned is made possible, without sacrificing the claims of scholarship. The chief disadvantage is that it is not possible to read the text continuously; perhaps it could all be given together at the beginning or end. Père Huby's competence is beyond question; if anything, there is rather too much erudition in the book, with its constant reference to Protestant writers. In order to a clear exposition it is wiser to part from such sources at an earlier stage, except in regard of a few details. What puzzles us somewhat is that the rendering of Philip. ii, 11 in the main text (p. 283) is definitely rejected in the comments that follow (pp. 312, 316). The passage is the most important in these four epistles, and we wonder why the correct translation is relegated to the comments. Something might have been said in the preface as to the method and principles of the translation; in the case of St. Paul's epistles the translation is more than half the battle. The general quality of the book, however, is such that we can safely recommend it to all who read French.

APOLOGETIC.

A new apologetics textbook for senior students in American Catholic high schools, unusually attractive both in style of writing

and external format, is **Faith and Reason**, by Austin G. Schmidt, S.J., and Jos. A. Perkins (Loyola University Press, Chicago: \$1.00). This book and the previous Loyola Press volume "Religion: Doctrine and Practice" form a valuable complete text for the high school course in religious doctrine. The book presents to the student in a thorough and interesting manner a rational explanation of the truths of his religion with systematic proofs and good test questions. The subject-matter embraces the facts of God's existence and attributes, the necessity of revelation and God's revelation to man, the character and mission of Jesus Christ, the Church which He founded, and other important apologetic topics. One may regret that in so complete a study there is no specific treatment of the four marks of the Church or the empirical argument to show that the Catholic Church to-day is the Church Christ founded. Too much praise cannot be given to the excellent modern format and illustrations produced at a very reasonable price.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

The Englishman, William of Ockham, is generally held to have exercised through his nominalistic philosophy a strong contributory cause to the decline of medieval scholasticism, and to have been a forerunner of later empiricism. In his book on the **Logic of William of Ockham** (Sheed & Ward: 12s. 6d.), Mr. Ernest A. Moody endeavours to show that the degradation of scholasticism is unjustly attributed to Ockham. On the contrary, Ockham aimed at establishing the genuine Aristotelean position as against an Aristoteleanism that had become corrupted by later medieval thinkers (e.g., by Dun Scotus), owing to the re-introduction of Platonic and pseudo-Augustinian elements and tendencies. Upholding a somewhat novel thesis, Mr. Moody writes with moderation, and argues his position with care.

In all the books of M. Maritain one feels that one is dealing with a philosopher who knows exactly what he is about; which is certainly not the case with all philosophers. He comes up against a modern problem, he looks at it with the eyes of a scholastic, and he finds that scholasticism gives him a modern answer. This seems particularly true of his book, **Freedom in the Modern World** (Sheed & Ward: 6s.). We are faced with the destruction of freedom in the very name of freedom, and the philosopher at once recognizes that this must mean confusion in the use of terms. Hence he analyses what we mean by freedom; he discovers its corruption in the hands of the materialist, of whatever kind; he sees the Church, the defender of true freedom; he examines what is being done, and what yet can be done, to restore true freedom. The book is an exceptionally good example of the power of the old scholasticism, essentially a rational system, to unravel a modern knot.

Messrs. Sheed & Ward have issued in English Père Rousselot's epoch-making book, **The Intellectualism of Saint Thomas** (pp. 231: 7s. 6d. n.). In its original French edition, published shortly before the war, it gave a new orientation to Catholic philosophy and has exercised very great influence upon the development of modern Scholasticism. The excellence of the translation is vouched for by the name of the translator, Father James O'Mahony, who is well known in Catholic philosophical circles. The appreciation of Père Rousselot by his friend and master, Père de Grandmaison, which appeared in the 1925 edition, is no longer included.

DEVOTIONAL.

For a straightforward book on prayer, written essentially to help the plain man who would get further than just using his prayer-book, we would suggest **The Inner Temple**, by the Rev. I. M. Shaw (B.O. & W.: 3s. 6d.). The author is keenly interested in his work; he has studied his subject, he has himself tried, and he writes from both experiences. Some "specimen" meditations in the middle of the book are specially interesting, being for the most part drawn from the Scripture and the Imitation. Later there is an interpretation of "the noon-day devil" which, perhaps, when the author is older he will modify; in any case the exegete will tell him that there is no such gentleman, that the phrase is a mis-translation of the authentic text.

After a life-time of preaching, retreat-giving and writing on spiritual things, Archbishop Goodier invites us in **The Life that is Light** (B.O. & W.: 3 Vols. 450 pp. 5s. each), to inspect the treasure-house wherein he has stored the products of long years' consideration of the soul's concerns. The volume—it is issued in three parts presumably for prie-dieu use—may be called a spiritual commonplace-book, enshrining striking passages from the writer's own reading but much more from his own meditation and, being carefully arranged to cover the three Ways, Purgative, Illuminative and Unitive, it contains matter to suit every stage of spiritual development. It would be impossible without copious quotation to describe the depth and freshness of these reflections, some of them cast in meditation-form, and all presenting vivid aspects of eternal truth. Even the most hardened retreat-maker will find here new stimulus and fuller comprehension, whilst the penny-prayerbook Catholic will be overwhelmed by the substance and variety of his too-often neglected spiritual heritage, revealed in these pregnant pages. The Archbishop's deep knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures lends force to his exposition of what is meant by the following of Christ. He has laid all Christ's followers under a great debt of gratitude by publishing thus lavishly the cream of his spiritual direction.

ASCETICAL.

Miss Ida Coudenrove, in **The Cloister and the World**, translated by H. E. Kennedy (Sheed & Ward: 3s. 6d.), continues her mission of teaching the truth that life is a vocation wherever it is lived. In three letters to imaginary persons she dissuades one from entering a convent, she congratulates another on having entered, she encourages a third who, having entered, has returned to the world. Almost necessarily the first of these seems to us the weakest because obviously the person to whom she writes has no religious vocation at all. The third is the best, because it faces a real problem, and faces it with courage. As it were, it offers a new and bright horizon to one who may feel at the moment that she is a broken reed. She has not "lost" her vocation; she has found a new scope for her love of God and man. A concluding study of Joan of Arc admirably brings together the lessons of these letters, setting the Maid in a somewhat new light.

To undertake a selection on any subject from the writings of St. Augustine demands vast reading; to undertake a translation of those selections into English demands great skill. Both of these are manifest in Father Hugh Pope's most excellent book, **The Teaching of St. Augustine on Prayer and the Contemplative Life** (B.O. & W.: 6s.). We cannot easily realize the time and labour that has gone to the making of this quite unpretentious little volume; none the less we feel that many will be grateful to Father Pope for the trouble he has taken. For he has shown himself a sure and understanding guide; he has known the needs of beginners, and he has cared no less for those who hunger after the heights of contemplation. Hence, for those for whom prayer is a preoccupation, the book grows the more interesting as it proceeds. It is a selection made, as it says, to show the "teaching" of the Saint; it omits the wonderful prayers by which that teaching might be illustrated. Perhaps some day Father Pope will give us a second volume, containing a selection of those prayers.

HISTORICAL.

The first eight centuries of Christendom in the East have provided some of the brightest pages of the Church's history. Antioch, Alexandria and Constantinople have given birth to martyrs and doctors more deserving of our attention than the apostate princes with whom their names are so often linked. In process of a long description of this period in a long series of articles in the *Bulletin de l'Oeuvre d'Orient*, its director, Mgr. Charles Lagier, has gathered the materials for an attractive volume: **L'Orient Chrétien, des Apôtres jusqu'à Photius** (Bureau de L'Oeuvre d'Orient, Paris: 20.00 fr.). The original articles have been revised and skilfully woven into a well-ordered text of more than four hundred pages. The whole is based on works of the most approved scholarship;

there is a good bibliography and some excellent maps in colour. To those who love the Church and its story it will be a pleasure to read this narrative, for through it there runs the golden thread of the apostolate to which the author has devoted his life: that of making the Christian East better known and better loved in the West.

A small brochure, but packed with information, **The Ancient Religious Houses of Devon**, by Dom John Stéphan, O.S.B., of Buckfast (Catholic Records Press: 2s. 6d.), gives an account of the thirty-five religious institutions which existed in Devon before the Reformation. The author, almost inevitably, has based his book on Dr. Oliver's "Historic Collections" and "Monasticon Diocesis Exoniensis"; these he has corrected and brought up to date by much that has been discovered since his time. The whole makes a wonderful story; it gives a new background to the noble if ill-fated Western Rising, not unlike the background, better known, to the Pilgrimage of Grace. There are numerous illustrations, chiefly of ruins of the present day; at the end, the author happily gives a long list of religious houses which have sprung up in our own time to take up again the work of their predecessors. By a happy coincidence they, too, number thirty-five.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

It is gratifying to find that the recent beatifications and canonizations of our English martyrs have stirred an interest in them among our French brethren, not unlike the British interest in Joan of Arc. In **Dans les Cachots de la Tour de Londres**, by Eve Baudouin (which name is, of course, the same as our own Baldwin) (Bloud et Gay: 6.00 fr.), French readers are given a vivid picture of Elizabeth and her court, of the Tower and all it stands for, of the character of Philip Arundel and his wife, both before and after his conversion, and lastly of his trial, imprisonment, and death. All is told with that vivacity which the French alone possess; the whole story in its complete setting almost reads as something new.

In **An Early Mystic of Bagdad** (Sheldon Press: 15s.), Miss Margaret Smith, M.A., Ph.D., has compressed into a volume of popular size an account of the life and teaching of al-Muhasibi, one of the masters of Islamic mysticism. The subject-matter is vast, and one could wish that space enough had been found to write of it in a style less suggestive of a rapid précis. For this is a work of erudition: its pages are abundantly provided with references to other works, both printed and manuscript, and the text is supplemented by a careful, if somewhat pretentious, bibliography and two excellent indexes. It is regrettable that the phraseology of Christian thought is used throughout the book to explain the ideas of one, who, in his lifetime, would have rejected it with indignation. In the last chapter we are told that the hero "may well have had an

indirect influence upon the Christian mystics" of the Middle Ages, but the passages quoted from St. Thomas Aquinas and others in support of this conjecture are quite inconclusive. Al-Muhasibi was a voluminous writer. A score of his works have been preserved, but none has so far been printed. Miss Smith announces her intention of bringing out a critical edition of his best-known and most important treatise. Its publication will contribute greatly to the knowledge of Sufism by our Western scholars; but the general reader will doubtless continue to leave such studies to specialists.

Father Myles Ronan, historian of the Reformation in Ireland, rightly says in the Foreword to his **The Irish Martyrs of the Penal Laws** (B.O. & W.: 5s.), that a new book on the Irish Martyrs, to supplement Father Denis Murphy's *Our Martyrs* (1891) was long overdue. No one was more competent to supply that want than himself. He brings together here notices, extended in some cases but mostly mere records of name, quality, date, and manner of death, of over 350 clerics and layfolk martyred in Ireland under the Tudors, the Stuarts and Cromwell. More might have been included, no doubt—Father Murphy's list mentions another hundred—and more might be written about many of them, for materials are not lacking. If only two centuries ago some Irish Challoner had arisen, what vivid *Memoirs of Missionary Priests in Ireland* might not, long ago, have been compiled. Father Ronan's score or so of biographies, well equipped with references, make us wish for more, and we trust that his book may be the forerunner of a vigorous campaign for the beatification of those many heroes of the Faith, whose example we may come to need in our own day.

POETRY.

In evenly-flowing and pleasing blank verse, Miss Mary Winter Were tells the story of the Abbey of Glastonbury, in **The Gardener** (Samuel Bagster: 2s. 6d.). First she takes us to Jerusalem, when an old man, Simeon, once the serving-man of Joseph of Arimathea, relates with much affection, and much local colour, the origin of the Holy Grail and the Thorn of Glastonbury. Then Joseph himself takes up the theme, and tells of his adventures on the way from Palestine, to Marseilles, to Wales, and finally to Glastonbury, with his settling there on the island. Then the author leaps the ages, and Peter, a modern youth, goes in search of the Grail to modern Glastonbury, and in the end he finds it—in his own hands, as, one day, he raises it above his head after the words of Consecration. It is a beautiful story, simply told, and the metrical setting is worthy of the subject.

Holly Leaves, by R. A. Carter (Ye King's Stone Press: 1s. 6d. n.), is a small collection of pleasant, if rather pedestrian verses,

which, on the whole, are better conceived than expressed but are well up to the average. We do not like occasional false rhymes, such as "morning" and "dawning" and we wonder whether the authoress is aware of the implied challenge in such a title as "Death in the Desert."

MISCELLANEOUS.

There is no geographical connexion between the three regions described by Father Martindale in his last travel-book **Athens, Argentine, and Australia** (Sheed & Ward: 7s. 6d. n.), but they are linked together by alliteration and also by being parts of the Kingdom of God, in the interests of which our traveller is always chiefly concerned. That is what makes his observations worth while to the Catholic reader—the reaction to scenes and persons is ultimately religious: he looks upon the world in the light of its destiny and estimates its exploits according to that standard. Not that the book is not full of reflections born of the entrance of new experience into a well-stocked mind, but that mirror, whenever faith and morals are in question, reflects correctly. The trip to the Adriatic and Eastern Mediterranean—"Athens"—was one of the Hellenic Society's annual excursions, and recalled the writer's Grecian lore; he went to the Argentine to attend the thirty-second International Eucharistic Congress and after that—the dates falling right—crossed the Pacific to New Zealand and Australia in order to preach at the Catholic celebrations of Melbourne's Centenary: thus the book embraces the record of many months' travel in which the reader joins breathless, if fascinated, so much is packed into each page. Everywhere the author's sense of colour is manifest, and the wonder is that his impressions lasted long enough to be set down without confusion. In writing of this sort—emotion not recollected later in tranquillity but expressed while you wait—there is little room for polishing of periods, yet the spasmodic style conveys very vivid pictures, notably of a plane-trip over the Andes. The prevailing impression, naturally considering the occasions described, of it all is the immense vitality of the Faith in these distant lands and the little that men know of England itself who only England know.

YEAR BOOKS.

That beautifully got-up annual, **The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary at Work in many Lands** (London, Claverton St.: priceless in both senses) surely surpasses itself in the issue for 1936. So many really beautiful illustrations, records of such excellent work done and doing, such fascinating glimpses of earth's beauties and man's spiritual loveliness, must needs fill the reader with admiration and desire to help. The finely-illustrated section on "Missionary Embroidery" is a wonderful revelation of artistic skill.

The Irish Jesuit Directory for 1936 ("Irish Messenger" Office: 1s.) contains nearly 200 pages and is full of information concerning the activities, religious and cultural, of the Irish Province at home and abroad. The account of the Chinese Mission is especially interesting, as also is that of the first "Social Order Summer School" held at Clongowes in August, which may very possibly develop into something important. A fine appreciation of Mr. Waugh's "Life of Campion" should send many to that great book.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

There are several new and interesting twopenny pamphlets from the C.T.S. this month. **Pius X, The Pope of the Eucharist**, by Lady Cecil Kerr, gives the most interesting account of the life of that saintly Pope, and **The Reformation Mind**, by the Rev. Andrew Beck treats that period of history from an unusual angle and should be widely read. **The Nine First Fridays**, by the author of a standard book on the subject, explains the origin and growth of that devotion, and **An Untold Tale**, by Rev. C. C. Martindale, is the story of the wonderful life and work of Mother Mary Francis, Foundress of the Franciscan nuns whose mother-house is at Mill Hill. **Reflections by Firelight**, by Vera Barclay, is a little collection of essaylets on various themes, meant to occupy the mind profitably when resting. To the smaller format **Thanksgiving Prayers**, taken from many sources, forms a welcome addition.

The Catholic Mind for November 22nd and December 8th both contain important articles. The former reprints an interesting address by the District Attorney of Brooklyn, on "Youngsters in Crime," while the latter is devoted to three addresses by W. J. Kenealy, S.J., on the Mexican persecution.

The Catholic Home Annual (price 6d.), published by B. Herder, has much in it that will interest a wide circle of readers, including stories by well-known authors. Although very good, it is not quite up to the high standard of last year which was an exceptionally fine issue.

Marietti of Turin issues a handy little booklet containing the **Ritus pro Ordinibus Conferendis** (1.00 l.) thoroughly up to date and likely to be in much demand in ecclesiastical Seminaries.

The importance of Archbishop Hinsley's suggestion of "Collective Trusteeship" on behalf of the backward races of mankind, elaborated in his Grace's article in the October MONTH, called **White against Black in Africa**, has become much greater in the interval, and readers will be glad to know that it may be had in penny-pamphlet form from the League of Nations Union, 15 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1., or from the C.C.I.R., Kensington Palace Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD.,
London.

The Roman Missal. New Edition.
Pp. 1,326. Price, 6s. cloth. *A
Cloistered Company.* Illustrated. By
Henry Chester Mann. Pp. xii, 196.
Price, 6s. *The Fire of Love.* By
Richard Rolle. Translated and edited
by G. C. Heseltine. Pp. xv, 198.
Price, 7s. 6d. *The Life that is Light.*
Vols. 1, 2, and 3. By Archbishop
Goodier, S.J. Pp. 151, 154, 136.
Price, 5s. each.

CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
New York.

Old St. Peter's. By Leo Raymond
Ryan, A.B., M.S. (E.) Pp. xiii, 282.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Apologia de Barbis. Edited by E.
Ph. Goldschmidt. Pp. x, 97. Price,
17s. 6d. n.

CAPUCHIN COLLEGE, Washington.

*Report of the 17th Annual Meeting
at Garrison, N.Y.*

COLDWELL, LTD., London.

My Communion. By Revs. Joseph
B. Collins, S.S., and John K. Ryan,
Ph.D. Pp. 171. Price, 3s. 6d. *The
Holy Hour.* By the Rev. J. A. Zie-
barth. Pp. 64. Price, 6d. *Feasts
of Our Lady.* By Rev. J. F. McEl-
hone, C.S.C. Pp. 98. Price, 4s. 6d.
Christian Life Calendar, 1936. Com-
piled by Rev. W. H. Puetter, S.J.
Price, 3s.

DESCLÉE, Bruges.

Le Cloître de Nazareth. By Octave
Daumont. Pp. 547.

GILL & SON, LTD., Dublin.

Jesuit Spirituality. By H. V. Gill,
S.J. Pp. 134. Price, 3s. 6d. *This Way
to Heaven.* By the Rev. Fr. James
McGlinchey, P.P. Pp. iv, 160. Price,
2s. 6d.

HAMISH HAMILTON, London.

Man, the Unknown. By Alexis
Carrel. Pp. 346. Price, 12s. 6d. n.

HARRIGAN PRESS, Worcester, U.S.A.

Alpha et Omega. By John Moran,
S.J. Pp. 179. Price, \$2.00.

HERDER, London.

The Catholic Home Annual. Illus-
trated. Pp. 40. Price, 6d.

"IRISH MESSENGER" OFFICE, Dublin.

*Irish Jesuit Directory and Year
Book for 1936.* Illustrated. Pp. 196.
Price, 1s.

JUTA, Cape Town.

Europe's Discovery of South Africa.
By Rev. Sidney Welch. Pp. 365.
Price, 15s.

KENEDY & SONS, New York.

A Return to the Novitiate. By
Mgr. Alcime Gouraud, Bishop of
Vannes. Translated by J. T. and
G. L. Callahan. Pp. 290. Price,
\$2.00. *John L. Stoddard.* By D.
Crane Taylor. Pp. 325. Price,
\$3.00.

E. W. LANGHAM, Farnham.

Mediaeval Farnham. By the Rev.
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